

# The TATLER

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days, you have also to endure emotional stress you have a further burden. And all of us have to armour ourselves against the general war "nerviness" that crops up now and

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Our best defence is to have deep, healing sleep. Nothing is so restorative as a good night's sleep. Yet more than anything else—except actual air-raid conditions—it is this nervous tautness that prevents sleep, or, even when you "drop off" keeps you uneasily on the surface of sleep. This is why, in war-time, your choice of a nightcap is especially important.

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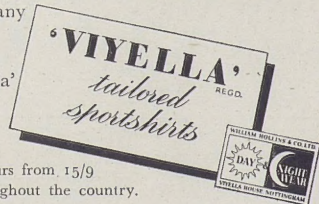
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# THE TATLER

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LADY BOWHILL, CIPHER OFFICER, W.A.A.F.

Hay Wrightson

Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, the husband of the charming lady whose portrait is above, has been "Vicar" of that large "Parish" included in the Coastal Command since 1937. Lady Bowhill, a fitting helpmeet for so great a preacher of the doctrine of "mind your eye or you'll get it in the neck," is in the same service as her husband and is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Arlingham-Davies of Crickhowell, South Wales. Sir Frederick Bowhill is a sailor by trade and after graduating in the Merchant Service and R.N.R. got his commission in the Royal Navy in 1913.





# THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

## Our Resistance

**A**LTHOUGH there have been in the last eight days signs of increasing tension in the Balkans which may well prove embarrassing to the Axis: all foreign affairs are dominated by the offensive resistance put up by this country against German air attack. It is true that in German and Italian controlled Europe the truth has not yet made its way in, but the neutral countries, and the lands of the Near East know that a great change has come over things since the beginning of the Battle for Britain. Opinion has, above all, hardened in the United States. Things change so rapidly across the Atlantic that every one who knows America well knows also that he is quite out of touch with its opinion before he has crossed the ocean.

There used to exist in the United States an obscure incorporated company whose avowed object was the admission of the British Empire as the forty-ninth state of the Union. No one, I think, ever troubled to find out who were the people who ran the society or why they did so, their aims appeared so fanciful and ridiculous. Yet, everything happens if we wait long enough. However much certain elements in the United States may be, for a variety of reasons, but faintly in sympathy with British aims and ideals—and we must never overlook the strong prejudice against us, for social, political and economic reasons—in many sections of the country, no one in any responsible position, no one whose opinion carries real weight with his fellow countrymen wants to see the collapse of Great Britain or the disappearance of the British Empire however indifferent they might be to its being rather weakened.

The Prime Minister's reference to a measure of co-operation between ourselves and the United States struck a happy note not only here, but overseas. We must beware, nevertheless, of letting lesser men play too often the same tune. Only harm can come of it.

If Mr. Churchill's prestige is great in America, his personal position is paramount in this country. The extent of his inevitability may be gauged if we listen to



CAPTAIN AND MRS. R. C. STOCKLEY

Leaving St. Martin-in-the-Fields after their wedding last week. The bride was Miss Pamela Egerton, the younger daughter of the Hon. Thomas and Lady Bertha Egerton. Captain Stockley, who is in the Fighting Fifth, is the only son of the late Brigadier-General H. R. Stockley and of Mrs. Stockley. The Hon. Thomas Egerton is the second of the Earl of Ellesmere's three brothers and married Lord Lichfield's eldest sister

the names of possible substitutes. Paradoxically enough it is this position which enables men in whom the country has little trust, and for whom it has still less admiration, to remain in the Government. A reshuffle can, however, hardly be long delayed.

## American Opinion

**I**f we glance round the world and see the line-up as it is today: from many points of view, the United States holds the centre of the political as distinguished from the military scene.

The Japanese still have their eyes upon the United States, and as long as that country in addition to the practical embargo on the export of iron and oil to Japan has it in its power to strangle Japan economically by refusing to buy Japanese silk, so long will Washington's word be listened to with respect although the Japanese are quite convinced that the Americans neither intend nor are easily able to fight for any Far Eastern issue. The cutting off of French Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies gives the Japanese a heaven-sent opportunity to grab most profitable markets. The millions of Indo-Chinese and inhabitants of the Dutch Colonial Empire must have manufactured goods, and Japan is the only country that can supply them. Why get into a new war when they are already bogged in China? It is much easier to make advantageous economic agreements and to keep the navy ready and the world guessing as to what it is to be used for.

The Japanese who, as a whole, with the possible exception of the navy—always inspired by a healthy respect for British sea power—until a very short time ago gave the odds as heavily against us. The events of the last few weeks and especially the turn of the tide in American public opinion have induced reflection, and as the Axis can offer the Japanese nothing they could not take alone, there is hesitancy about commitments. Germany's prestige is high, but the Italians have never been taken seriously in Japan either militarily or economically. When I was last in the Far East, less than eighteen months ago, the acute criticisms of France and the French Army were tempered by scathing references to the Italians.

## Islam Despises Italy

The Italian is also the only European heartily despised in Mohammedan Africa.



THE AIR COUNCIL IN SESSION

Any picture which has to do with the place in which our successful air war is plotted must of necessity be of crucial interest at this moment. The tally of the names round the table is (l. to r.): Mr. F. R. Howard; Air Vice-Marshal A. G. R. Garrod; Sir Harold Hovitt (additional member); Air Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney (Air Member for Supply and Organization); Air Marshal E. L. Gossage (Air Member for Personnel); Captain H. H. Balfour, M.P. (Under-Secretary of State for Air and Vice-President of the Air Council); the Rt. Hon. Sir Archibald Sinclair (Secretary of State for Air); Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall (Chief of the Air Staff); Sir Arthur Street (Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Air); Air Chief Marshal Sir Wilfred Freeman (Air Member for Development and Production); Mr. H. Melville (Private Secretary to the Secretary of State for Air); and Flight Lieutenant W. W. Wakefield, M.P. (Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Air)



He works as hard as the native at the same tasks. The cruelties of the Italian Government in Libya mean more to us as soft-hearted and sentimentalists than to the native on the spot who expects, if he does not like, harshness in his rulers. The extermination policy of General Graziani might have been militarily justified, economically arguable but it was politically foolish and the fact he was a Jew did not make matters easier, for the Arab and Jew do not see eye to eye as the Arab proverb has it: "A Jew is never your equal, he is either above or below you."

As a matter of fact, the ruler whom the Arabs of the Near East have most respected has been the Turk, who with all his faults as an administrator retained the old code of military discipline or the yassak which made his forefathers invincible. As a retired Turkish governor put it, in Damascus last year "I cannot understand why you British have so much trouble in Palestine, why I ran the whole province of Nablus with a sergeant and ten men." "Did you never have any trouble?" "Yes, once—." "And afterwards?" "I ran all the province of Nablus with a corporal and five men."

Still, it would be foolish to minimize the blow to our prestige caused by the Italian occupation of British Somaliland in spite of the fact that it was necessitated by the defection of the French. Islam, it is said, is like a great sounding-board stretched across the desert zone of the world from Senegal to Samarkand and beyond: everything which strikes one part of the board resounds along the whole. I have often been astonished how well informed quite simple men in the bazaars of North Africa have been of the affairs of Turkey or India.

#### The Future in North Africa

The Italian armistice commission is due to arrive in French Syria. Their task will not have been rendered more difficult by events in East Africa. M. Puaux, the French High Commissioner in Beirut is the son of a French pastor and is a diplomat by profession. He was a very poor Minister at Vienna from which town he failed to advise his Government of the imminence of the *Anschluss*. He is certainly not pro-British from any point of view.

What takes place in Syria not only interests the whole Mohammedan world, but is of importance both to us and to our Turkish friends. But echoes from Beirut will resound all along the arteries of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. The position in North Africa will be a pivotal one in the next few months. French North Africa is a geographical whole, an island of highlands between the Sahara and the sea. For the moment this vast area of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia is neutralized, to say the least of it, as far as our war effort is concerned. General Nogues, the resident-general in Morocco, an able administrator and certainly no Fascist is the son of an innkeeper from the Basses-Pyrénées. He is a man of culture and charm, but he has been put on the retired list with

180 other generals by Weygand, and relieved of his command of all the French troops in North Africa. Nogues remains for the moment resident-general in Morocco, but the practical command of the country is in the hands of Admiral Ollive commanding the Casablanca station, and he is fanatically anti-British.

#### Algeria and Tunis

A typical intriguing and incompetent administrator in the shape of M. Lebeau has been discharged from the governor-generalship of Algeria and succeeded by Admiral Abrial, a hero of Dunkirk. Abrial is a brave and honest man with no political ambitions. Algeria, which counts, technically, as part of metropolitan France may play a great role in the regrouping of French forces for the freedom fight. Tunisia is the weakest link in the North African chain. The Tunisians, who are no fighters, have always been lukewarm towards the protecting power whose prestige has, of course, sunk to its nadir. M. Eirik Labonne is the colourful resident-general for some time before the collapse. He is now French Ambassador at Moscow. Labonne is a French Protestant born in Iceland, whose gaunt and severe figure hides a whimsical personality.

#### Ourselves and France

Anti-English prejudice, if sometimes hidden, has always been strong among French people. There are possibly no foreigners for whose ways most French men and women feel such instinctive distaste. This anti-English (for it is above all anti-English and hardly extends at all to Scots or Irish) feeling is born of a long history of conflict and is crystallized in some sections of the community into a deep-seated dislike. The ultra-conservative elements are often, it is true, the most antagonistic to this country, but the feeling is by no means so noticeable among what remains of the old aristocracy or in the members of the cosmopolitan bourgeoisie: it is perhaps strongest in certain circles in the army, the navy and the church. Jealousy and criticism of this country was always peeping out in a peculiarly corrupt and venal Press, and the scurrilous and contemptible attacks on Great Britain which form the daily fare of the readers of the ultra-clerical *Figaro* and papers of its colour.

#### Weygand the Over-Rated

Many French army leaders were sincere friends of this country: others, such as for instance, the courageous and rather simple old soldier, General Gouraud, found us incomprehensible, with others such as the mean-faced and greatly overrated Weygand hatred of everything English was an obsession. Weygand who is not even a Frenchman by origin. Probably because he was born at Brussels, the fable has been fostered that he is the son of the late King Leopold II. In any case bigotry and political reaction have been for the ex-Chief of Staff of Foch a refuge from an inferiority complex.

When the history of the French collapse comes to be written it will be found that the men who were called in at the last moment, largely on pressure from the Right, and through the influence of M. Reynaud's mistress, made no real attempt to stem the German tide.

#### Co-operation with France

All this does not mean that co-operation with France is impossible or undesirable. On the other hand, it is both possible and inevitable. But we must see our partners, and it is to be hoped that they will see us without either haloes or horns. The French will always be our neighbours and our relations with them are of the highest moment to us. The things, however, in which the French are supreme, and those unique spiritual and intellectual values which they cherish are not things readily appreciable by the casual observer, whereas many of the faults of the French are patent and glaring. A little more critical sense, a little more understanding, a little more knowledge and a little less lazy shirking of issues are essential if we would put our relations with the French on a solid basis with no non-sense about it.

The Pétain Government, in any case, is in an impossible position. Pétain himself is senile and dozes half the day. He never had much political sense. In fact, the examples in history of generals with political sense are few and far between. Laval, ex-Socialist grown rich on graft, whose selling of his country's interests to Mussolini was the beginning of our troubles, has his cash in America. His son-in-law, René de Chambrun, was appointed assistant Military Attaché at Washington just before the offensive began.

He is a lawyer by trade, and as a descendant of Lafayette, is a citizen of the United States as well as of France. He is quite useful to his father-in-law. Laval's principal preoccupation at the present time is to take revenge on his personal enemies. Like all the men from Auvergne he is vindictive, and is quite ready to quit when his rancour is assuaged. The other members of the outfit of Vichy, Piétri, a Corsican and an amateur fencing champion, has an ambitious wife, Ybarnégary, a Basque reactionary who married above him, are shadows not substantial things. MM. Flandin and Bonnet are ready to take their places and to head a German-controlled government of all France with its seat in Paris.



THE FRENCH CABINET AT VICHY

The filleted politicians who are arranging the affairs of their distracted country in such parts of France as are allowed them by Germany. In civilian dress in the centre stands Marshal Pétain, on his left General Weygand, on the other side M. Pierre Laval. On the extreme left is the Minister of Agriculture, M. Caziot, and next to him Admiral Darlan; behind M. Laval is the Minister of Labour, M. Marquet, and behind Pétain and Weygand, the Minister of Education, M. Mireaux, and next to him wearing a beret is the Minister of Youth and Family, M. Jean Ybarnégary, and on the extreme right General Carlson, Minister of Defence



# PRELUDE TO THE OFFENSIVE

By LT.-COL. C. B. COSTIN-NIAN, M.C.

WE came through the last war less by the genius of the few than by the faithfulness of the many—as John Buchan put it. So far, the distribution of the burden has been otherwise. As usual, the Prime Minister hits upon the exact expression when he says that never was so much now owed to so few by so many. The fate of Europe and all freedom depends upon those few hundred airmen and machines.

But there will be scope for army genius also when the situation ripens sufficiently for us to pass from the defensive, to deliver our hammer blows, to strike down the forces of evil. The army and their leaders already prepare for it, as the whole Empire itches for it. But there are still gigantic material forces gathered against us, and more are being added from France and elsewhere.

We know that the structure of the enemy's power, being based upon force and fear, conceals a rotten core; it still flourishes but is liable to sudden disintegration.

As the tide turns in our favour, we are likely to find more friends and support, and new strength accumulating. The jungle law of self-preservation still governs. They await some exhibition of our capacity to win—they will come in on the winning side.

One month or another month, anytime after November, our chance may come with economic collapse and revolt on the continent. We must, therefore, quickly and fully prepare to be capable of seizing opportunities for offensive action as they present themselves. It may be a long wait, for the stricken countries may have to be much worse (and more hungry) before they are better. *But they must help us to help them.* Their plight will be longer if they meekly allow inertia to set in.

We have seen how a handful—one and a half battalions—of Germans walked into Oslo, a city of over 250,000 patriots, while bands lulled the population with only two or three young Nazis posted to guard the vital points. Thousands of able bodied Norwegians passively watched the proceeding. In France and the Low Countries it seemed to need only about six German motor cyclists to occupy towns of considerable size; they merely had to threaten the towns with an air bombing if resistance was offered. Any weapons, however primitive, would have sufficed for so many against so few, to defeat this form of blackmail or bluff—to put up a fight for their own homes. Thus naked fear deprived the armies at the front of the support they expected from behind.

Just now in France sabotage is said to be growing, if not yet rampant. A friend recently arrived from there by plane via Portugal reports that last week a large German ammunition train was blown up near Caen; that communication lines are cut nightly; that the regular army, which has not been demobilized, as well as the demobilized cadres, would prefer to fight on if they saw the means and the way of escape. Here is fruitful soil awaiting exploitation.

This sort of thing, therefore, should be the second step in our offensive. The first step was opened when our magnificent airmen started their bombing attacks deep into the vitals of the Reich and Piedmont. There is a school of experts who consider that a great extension of this treatment, as we get more bombers, might of itself, in time so cripple our opponents as to complete the whole job. This might not be the quickest road to victory, but it may well be the cheapest in life and the most effective in that it hits where it hurts most. Much depends on the race now running between the two sides for the most of the new and improved models. The older models may quickly lose their effectiveness as the race in quality and design progresses. Here we should have the advantage in raw material, designers, and workmanship, with America also to draw upon.

But apart from all that, or rather concurrently with it, the third step in our offensive plans—preparations for big scale land, sea, and air operations, cannot begin too soon. Hitherto German initiative has forced us to be opportunists, to improvise forces hastily and arrangements to meet each new surprise. A whole series of such handicaps against great odds is too much to support, and only good staff work and great courage saw us through these retreats.

No man, at this stage, can see where and when our land blows might be directed. Conditions are too much in a constant state of flux,

changing weekly. As well to bank upon a drifting boat reaching a given shore at a given time. We see that the length of the Nazis new coast line of 2,400 miles, and the vast extent of new territory prevents them being strong in many places. They become more vulnerable as they expand and have to dissipate their forces, especially amongst hostile populations. But Italy, being so much the weaker, should have our attention first. Before we can attack her directly, we shall have to cripple her power in North Africa first, if the vital Suez Canal is to be safe, and some of our Eastern Army is to be released. Our next wise precaution seems to suggest that we should direct our first blows where the Germans cannot directly reinforce the Italians—cannot rush to their rescue as we had to do after their flight from the field of Caporetto in the last war.

It is exhilarating to scan the map with these optimistic schemes in our head, and presently we find two important Italian islands, which the Germans could not much interfere with—Sardinia and Sicily. Against these we could exploit our sea power, upon these we could establish advanced aerodromes and naval shelters in preparation for the next stage of our offensive against the mainland.

Knowing the wiles of Mussolini, we rather think that before this stage is reached, in fact, as soon as the tide begins to turn in our favour, we shall witness a repetition of the volte face of 1914. When that stage is reached we imagine that the Albanians will be able to look after themselves, but Greece and Turkey come into that picture. The present threat to Greece is either real or is intended to distract us from an approaching attack on Egypt—to force us to hold in readiness air and naval units to assist the Greeks. As far as land forces go we are not likely, just now, to divert anything from Africa in the way we did to Norway just before the main attack fell in the west. No doubt this is what they want us to do, and we have no reason to suppose that the Axis policy in the Balkans has changed. They want peace there only to exploit their economic pressure, and to keep both Russia and Turkey quiet.

The Greeks have nearly finished their Metaxas Line, which they began in 1936, and which contains no less than three thousand strong points. We hope they also are not infected with the Line complex, for it might need more than that to oppose an advance down the Vardar Valley on to Salonica, and across from Albania. While they have thirteen infantry and two cavalry divisions, they are weak in blitzkrieg requirements—about three hundred and fifty planes and the same number of anti-aircraft guns, and insufficient anti-tank guns. However, we understand Greece will fight if sure of Turkish co-operation, while the Turks will help if sure that the Greeks will fight! This sounds a watertight arrangement, but the wiles and pressures of modern diplomacy passeth easy understanding.



A DESERT PATROL SENTRY

And coming smartly to the present at that! The alarm clock on the post is a somewhat novel feature! This Arab Legion in Transjordan is made up of both cavalry and infantry and is recruited almost exclusively from those warlike persons the Bedouin tribes



## LIVING CLOSE TO HIS "WORK"

AN R.A.F. OFFICER AND HIS CHARMING WIFE



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT THE HON. GEORGE AND MRS. WARD AT THEIR COTTAGE NEAR HIS SQUADRON'S BASE IN RURAL ENGLAND



AN OFF-DUTY MOMENT IN THE COTTAGE GARDEN



A CHARMINGLY FRAMED PICTURE

Both Lord Dudley's younger twin brothers are in the R.A.F., though the Hon. Edward Ward used to be a 10th Hussar, as also was Lord Dudley himself. The Hon. George Ward married Miss Ann Capel in May of this year, she being Lady Westmorland's daughter by her former marriage to the late Captain Arthur Capel. Lady Westmorland is the youngest daughter of the late Lord Ribblesdale, who was always called "The Ancestor," and was one of the best-looking members of the Peerage, and of Lady Ribblesdale. Both Lord Ribblesdale's sons were killed in action, and the title is extinct



KITTENS NEVER HAVE BEEN PECULIARLY INTERESTED IN APPLES

Sraebe



## SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

By BRIDGET CHETWYND

## The Ship of State

THE above always sounds important, picturesque and familiar, and presumably applies to the House of Commons, where the dining-room offers a "National" menu as an alternative to the ordinary one. It reads like a complete tour of the kitchen garden, including Herb Corner: two tightly printed lines of carrots, lettuce, onions, spinach, chives, etc., with touches of whole-meal bread and cheese for garnish. Eaten consistently, it surely should produce a lowing herd of doe-eyed, cud-chewing M.P.s. Nothing of the sort apparent yet, though, and most of them probably cling, in their Conservative way, to the plaice sauce tartare or roast leg of mutton—excellent for the digestion and temper.

Among the versatile members is Captain Basil Neild, also a barrister: soldier - barrister - politician reads well. Commander Galbraith supplies some bluff, breezy, quarter-deck stuff, and Sir Herbert Williams the reassuring craftiness of Big Business. Croydon is his constituency. Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, who married Lady Honor Channon, must be about the tallest M.P., and Captain John Stourton perhaps the funniest. Both of these are now in the Forces. (Delicious feeling of stolen jam produced by listening to Forces programme on the wireless. "Hallo, Forces!" flutes the B.B.C., and



KENT CHRISTENING

George P. King

A sixteenth-century lace robe, a family heirloom, was worn by Henry George Herbert Milles-Lade at his christening, which took place at Seal Church, near Sevenoaks, Kent. He is the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Milles-Lade, of Nash Court, Faversham, who are now staying at the Wilderness Country Club, Seal. Mrs. Milles-Lade, who is seen holding her son, was formerly Miss Pamela MacDougall. Her mother, Mrs. MacDougall, is on the right of the picture. Mr. Milles-Lade is the nephew and heir of Earl Sondes, of Lee Court, Faversham



Harlip

## MISS MARY ROSE CHARTERIS ENGAGED

A recent engagement announced is that of Mr. Roderic Miles Doughty Thesiger, Welsh Guards, youngest son of the late Hon. Wilfred Thesiger, and of Mrs. Reginald Astley, of The Milebrook, Bucknell, Shropshire, to Miss Mary Rose Charteris, the youngest daughter of the Hon. Cuy Charteris and cousin of the Earl of Wemyss, who was married in Cape Town last February to Miss Mavis Murray

there you are, tapping the line. If you want to.)

Captain Leonard Plugge, ex-Radio Normandie, has just deposited his wife and child in America, and returned to his enormous house in Hamilton Terrace. The House of Commons dining-room must seem quite cramped after his own. Mr. Alan Graham's wife has gone to South Africa, while he remains to look after his constituency here. He is a Cypriot, and practically owns that delightful island.

Mr. Maxton's Garbo hair is only a very small part of his charm. I was whining about our brave boys now going through the ranks, and undergoing the obligatory clipping. He assured me he had once had it done himself, so I was completely comforted. But mostly by his personality.

## Taking It Easy

YOUNG men continue to talk, especially in the Café Royal. Though burdened with creativeness, many of them delay the têtes-à-têtes with the typewriter necessary to express it. Perhaps a machine that gave an appreciative chuckle at the end of every line, instead of ringing a bell, might be a help.

On the whole, it is the duller-seeming people who actually do write, the difference between having good ideas and writing them down being rather a plodding one. Among the scintillating boys keen to make the grade as an author is Mr. Ian Lubbock, son of Lubbock of Lubbocks (Eton). On

the assumption that knowing your subject helps, Eton will be his theme, and he certainly should be able to give us the low-down, beginning from the perambulator.

Mr. Peter Quennell, obviously entirely entertaining both on and off paper, is what might be called an habitu  of the Caf  Royal. Also Mr. Peter Kimber, who represents publishing. Uniforms crop up freely among all this, lots of them made colourful by the staff armband. Jack Doyle, too, whose voice is so piquant in relation to his size. A proper mix-up, as they say in the North.

In Spain everyone is supposed to keep saying "*Manana*," and they did, too, the few minutes I spent there during an old-fashioned cruise, although it was so expected I couldn't help feeling it was all arranged and paid for by Cooks'. Anyway, it is the title of a very clever book by Michael Sayers-Corfield, published, and enthusiastically reviewed, in America, less-known over here. He is a young man with very scarlet hair, quite astonishing.

Where are the beauties when off duty? (Because, of course, most of them are war-working hard.) The Mirabell attracts some, and is one of the few places where evening dresses are still seen. Mrs. Charles Sweeny looked wonderful in black, and Mrs. Pat Smyly (Diana Mills) conveyed moony splendour in spangles. Lady Mary Dunn, with a party, was not changed.



Lenare

## ENGAGEMENT OF THE HON. NADINE STONOR

Lord and Lady Camoys' elder daughter, the Hon. Pamela Sophia Nadine Stonor, is engaged to Captain Charles Donald Leslie Pepsy, of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, a kinsman of the Earl of Cottenham. This announcement comes from Newport, Rhode Island, the home of Lady Camoys, who, before her marriage in 1911, was Miss Mildred Watts Sherman, of New York, and Newport, U.S.A.



Relaxation is recommended, and people certainly seem to be having it. Very tire-some for Hitler if he could get a glimpse of all the happy faces.

### Shops and Streets

VERY pompous air-raid shelters in Grosvenor Gardens, made of special pink bricks and built in an exclusive, inward-facing huddle. Perhaps a first sign of shelter-consciousness, and an indication of what developments we may expect. "Tudor Style," "Bijou" and "Mansion" shelters, precariously perched along the social scale?

There are advantages about being a country air-raid warden—Mrs. Harvey, late of Devonshire, in London for the day with her daughter, Mrs. John Orange, says she can just put on her tin hat and go on gardening with a clear conscience, part of her duty being to remain above ground, and in Surrey, where she now lives, there

a rabbit-proof fence right down the middle of the country, and sparrows are confined to the same side as the rabbits, by inability to fly across the treeless desert. Once upon a time one made the journey by train, and the whole population had to go out gunning for it. Imagine!

### Salesmanship

SALESMANSHIP is always fun to see. I think I most enjoy the really spectacular kind, which begins about Regent Street, and increases beyond. Liquid-eyed little men giving all they've got—I wonder if they have ever tried it out to a swing band? The tribal rites of disposing of their wares certainly suggest some kind of throbbing music. Whereas such a thing as a leather-goods shop in Sloane Street is more like the innermost parts of the Civil Service. Aloofly distinguished, tall, thin men of middle age, serenely confident about the goods they modestly indicate without any vulgar trumpet-blowing. Technical and artistic triumph.

Two people I saw walking about were Mr. Jim Mollison and Mr. Geoffrey Schweder, who absolutely hates being called "Gussie."

### How They Are Doing in Devonshire

APART from the bombs which seem to plaster disused barns and things at random, and to little effect, Devonshire is enjoying itself all right.

North Devon is packed, with people on leave from various jobs, and others who had the foresight to rent houses there for the duration, and have now evacuated themselves to enjoy a particularly fine summer. Among these are Sir Pierce and Lady Lacy, whose own beautiful house, Ampton Hall, in Suffolk, is now in a danger zone. So they have rented a small house in Braunton from Mrs. Inledon-Webber, the local "squires," whose eldest son, Sam, the cricket and rackets player, married their daughter, Angela.

Geoffrey Toon, the young six-foot-two stage and film star, spent July and part of August at Cock Rock, a beautiful thatched-roof house with an exquisite garden, belonging to Miss Girvan. It is built almost on the beach at Croyde Bay, so he was able to surf and sun-bathe all day long, and get that rippling tan everyone fancies, before joining a battery at Portsmouth last week.

Sir Hugh Stucley has let his house, Moreton, near Bideford, and it now clatters with the hefty feet of a famous preparatory school from near London. Sir Hugh himself has moved into the gardener's cottage close to the magnificent Italian water-garden he designed and had made by the local unemployed a couple of years before the war. His clever daughter, Betty, who likes politics, and has written several successful detective and political novels, got home safely from France after some exciting experiences as an ambulance driver.

### People

I do think it is wonderful of people to be nurses. Impossible to contemplate without a kind and sympathetic outlook. At Guy's is Princess Tsahai Haile Selassie, a charming, tiny, gentle creature with big brown eyes that dwell on whatever they look at. Very important for the sick, soothing to that feeling of precariousness which is so aggravated by other people's restlessness. A friend of hers is Mrs. Steer, wife of the journalist, and daughter of Sir Sidney Barton, formerly British Minister in Addis Ababa. At the same time I met another charming woman, Mme. Morel, wife of Admiral Muselier's Chief of Staff.

Mr. Ralph Etherton, M.P., who is about to become part of the Air Force, is himself having a fine time with one of those fascinating tiny cameras, the size of a cigarette-lighter. They take fifty pictures at a time, which can be enlarged to nearly postcard size; they can be used indoors, and for photographing documents. Made in Latvia, so it says on the back! Obvious implications about it getting into the wrong hands.

Lord Nathan is a Major. For ages I never seemed to see anyone above a Captain: I could easily count the stars from one to three, and vaguely supposed that they were succeeded by X.O., such is the power of association as explained by Mr. J. W. Dunne. Now I shall probably want to see crowns on brandy bottles. To meet Lord Nathan only for a moment is to feel how clever he is; he conveys a kind of zing. I used very much to enjoy the parties of his uncle, Sir Matthew Nathan, down in Somerset; also his reminiscences. There used to be a particular party every summer, in the garden of his lovely old Manor House, for which all the county saved its Broderie Anglaise and printed-chiffon best.

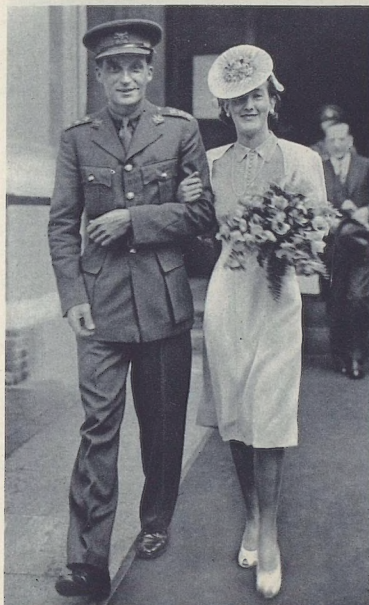
### More People

THE moment seems to have come to break this up into another fragment, and it still doesn't seem to be about anything more definite than people.

Everyone was remarkably fresh-looking at lunchtime after a six-hour raid warning the night before. Plenty of nice furs and silly hats about, too. Mrs. Claude Leigh's was a good number. Mr. Jim Lawrence was out at the same place, also Mrs. Kerr-Smyly, very smart, and Lady Howe.

Mrs. David Dear was in Knightsbridge, wearing a gay little boater. She is half-Dutch and half-Belgian, with an attractive accent, and has a tall, dark, and handsome English husband.

A grand policeman showed us round the trench shelters near the Serpentine. Very handsome they are, wriggling underground in almost a Greek key pattern. Nobody's any trouble, he says, except the officious ones.



MARRIED AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE Captain Dennis William Babbage, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Babbage, is seen leaving St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, after his marriage to Miss Diana Frances Russell-Clarke, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Edward Russell-Clarke, and of Mrs. Russell-Clarke, of Onslow Gardens, and Great Trilley, Abergavenny

is always a good chance of that being enough.

Lady Monkswell, also from Devonshire, has been doing some Entertaining of Troops. So have I, except that it is more a question of being entertained, and they seem to get to know London in a few minutes. I had some beer with a beautiful Australian in a Piccadilly bar I have never seen before. He can't get over the smallness of our bars, very different from Australian ones. In Sydney the long bar is practically as long as the famous Shanghai one. And the waves are as high as houses—fancy rolling on to the beach from the height of a house! Some parts it never rains at all; there is always sun, nothing ever seems to be less than a quarter of a million acres, there is



GUNNER AND MRS. BASIL DODDS Leaving Chelsea Old Church after their recent wedding (August 24). The bride was Miss Mona Rosemary Copeman, and is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Copeman, of Roydon Hall, Diss, Norfolk



# THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

I WAS enormously impressed the other evening on hearing a young actor say that he did not want to be a success before he was thirty-five. I said: "Won't that be too late?" To which came the reply: "No, I am going to be a great actor, and *that* doesn't begin until you are thirty-five!" Come to think of it, there is something in what the young man said. There have been actors who were great at an early age. Garrick startled the town with Richard III. at the age of twenty-five, and Kean's remarkable first appearance as Shylock, when he astonished Hazlitt, as well as the fashionables, happened when he was twenty-seven. But it is round about the age of thirty-five that staying-power first declares itself, and greatness in acting is largely a matter of staying-power.

Another thing which impressed me about the young man was his lack of good looks. There is nothing quite so fatal to the prospect of becoming a great actor as beginning with the handicap of being a pretty boy; your smiling Cupid is damned from the start. Any young stage-player who aims at being a considerable figure later on had better have an eloquent eye and must have a broad and high forehead, big nose, prominent mouth, and firm chin. Your actor whose eye is flat and fishy and whose chin, mouth, nose and forehead all recede, announces his own withdrawal into obscurity; he is the figure vanishing at the end of a corridor.

The stage is a career for life, with a beginning, a middle, and a retirement in the seventies and a blaze of glory. I should even expect a great actor to be a trifle clumsy and ungainly at the start; a colt which is finished at two years of age is never going to grow up into a great horse. And I should never fault a young actor for being, as it were, "all over the place." He must have time to grow.

Now this question of growth is something that the cinema doesn't know anything about, for the simple reason that the whole art or business of the screen is in itself not old enough. Including the silent days, and taking forty years as the span of an actor's career, there is just about time for the world to have seen a young screen-player grow into a great screen-actor of mature years. Who is there to-day who first startled us by his or her impetuosity and now, after forty years, moves us by his or her authority? Charlie Chaplin is not quite what I am looking for. He always was and always will be the ageless clown. There are, of course, many middling screen-players who began with the old Biograph Company and are still in harness. But when I sit down to compile a list of screen-players to whom the last thirty or forty years have accorded a career of full distinction, I find it difficult to get much farther than John and Lionel Barrymore, Adolphe

## GROWING PAINS

Menjou and Alice Brady. I do not include our own Aubrey Smith, who first entered films at the age of fifty-two!

In the theatre it is taken for granted that an actor who starts young is booked for a career unless an accident happens. In the cinema it is assumed that hay must be made while the sun shines, that the sunshine won't last long, and that only by an accident can there be a second crop of hay. The film started by photographing whatever was under its eyes, and it has continued in being because of its gift for snapping up whatever film-actors were under its nose, with complete regard to what they were like at the moment, and an utter indifference to whether they had a past or were going to have a future. By its very nature the cinema excludes the principle of growth. I had a nightmare the other night in which I went to a film of *Hamlet* twenty years hence, and looking down the programme saw the following cast—

CLAUDIUS	- Mr. Jackie Cooper
POLONIUS	- Mr. Mickey Rooney
HAMLET	- Mr. Freddie Bartholomew
OPHELIA	- Miss Shirley Temple
GERTRUDE	- Miss Deanna Durbin



MICKEY ROONEY AND VIRGINIA WEIDLER IN "YOUNG TOM EDISON"

Probably two of the best of the American screen's younger brigade, for they both can act, which is more than can be said for a good many. Mickey Rooney has a bigger chance in this film of the days of Edison's growing-pains than he has in any of his Hardy family adventures, good as those are. Virginia Weidler, a most charming child, plays the part of the young Edison's sister, and, as ever, acts admirably

And, of course—

HORATIO

LAERTES

ROSENCRANTZ

GUILDENSTERN

} The Dead-End Kids

The thing, I said in my dream, can't be done! And to my immense relief I woke up and found that it wasn't.

It was with something of all this in my mind that I went to see Mickey Rooney in *Young Tom Edison*, at the Regal, and once more marvelled at the genuine power and passion of this young actor, who, in what youth makes to seem a small compass, possesses so many of the qualities of a great actor. And I could not help asking myself what is going to happen to this marvellous boy. Is he a great actor in the making? Or must we seize and make the best of that talent to-day, knowing that the essence of the cinema is to spill the sack of treasure now, and not, like the stage, husband it for the future? Only the other day I said somewhere that, leaving Charlie Chaplin out of it, the world's three best actors at the moment—meaning actors of any sort—were Harry Baur, Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney. Mark, reader, that these stand for maturity, the prime of life, and adolescence.

*Young Tom Edison* as a film is but so-so. But it grandly serves as a vehicle for a young artist who, if this were another medium, might easily grow up into another Frederick Robson or James Welch, great comedians with tragic souls. Mickey's snub nose will always keep him out of pure tragedy, just as did the diminutive stature of Welch and "Little" Robson. But there is, or ought to be, an enormous field of tragic-comic drama, and the resources of Hollywood ought to be able to supply enough for Rooney. I am reminded here of something which Sir Max Beerbohm once wrote on the same lines about Welch—

"Who will write the tragic-comedy in which Mr. Welch will be able to use the full measure of his endowment? Generally, I disapprove the system of writing plays round this or that mime. But Mr. Welch is one of those exceptional beings in whose favour a critic willingly waives a principle. He is a tragic comedian, of the highest grade, measuring in height fewer inches than I should care to count. It were quite possible to create a play in which his tiny stature would be consistent with his towering talents."

The same goes for Mickey Rooney's nose!

Another good picture of the week was *Gangs of Chicago*, at the London Pavilion, in which a gangster and his buddy, who is a G-man, spend their time laying down their lives for one another with intervals of double-crossing. Lloyd Nolan, in a dinner-jacket and smile, is excellent as usual.





AS ELIZABETH BENNET IN "PRIDE AND PREJUDICE";  
AND (ON RIGHT) IN A VERY MODERN POSE

The brilliant versatility of this beautiful young Irish actress, with eyes of the same colour as her country's national emblem, gets every chance in the two films in which she is now engaged. Her opposite number in Jane Austen's masterpiece is Laurence Olivier, and the film is still in production in Hollywood; and in *Remember*, Greer Garson's first American picture which M.G.-M. have now completed, the hero is Robert Taylor with Lew Ayres in support. Greer Garson's beautiful performance as the wife in *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* (Robert Donat in the name part) is still a fragrant memory with everyone who was so lucky as to have witnessed it

## THE OLD TIMES AND THE VERY NEW

LOVELY GREER GARSON'S  
NEXT PICTURES ARE  
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE"  
AND "REMEMBER"





# COUNTRY HOMES IN WARTIME

No. 15:

MORETON MANOR  
WARWICKSHIRE



MORETON MANOR: MR. AND MRS. WALTER BUCKMASTER'S HOUSE—A BEAUTIFUL VIEW  
FROM THE YEW GARDEN



MRS. WALTER BUCKMASTER, MISS ELVEY ("NANNIE" TO THE  
FAMILY), AND SOME LITTLE EVACUEES



A WORKING PARTY AND ITS SMALLEST MEMBER, RHONA DODD  
(BELOW) THE OWNER AND TWO OF HIS HUNTERS OUT AT GRASS







A GENERAL VIEW ACROSS THE SMALL LAKE OF THIS CHARMING  
ELIZABETHAN HOUSE IN WARWICKSHIRE



SETTING UP THE FIRST-AID POST: MISS HOLTON (KNEELING),  
MRS. FREEMAN, MRS. BUCKMASTER, MRS. SHEPPARD, MRS. TURNER,  
AND MRS. HUMPHRIES; AND (RIGHT) MISS ELVEY, MISS PEARCE,  
MISS SPICER AND MISS CARR PACKING SUPPLIES

Moreton Manor, which to most folk in Warwickshire connects itself more nearly with fox-hunting and polo by reason of the fact that its owner, Mr. Walter Buckmaster, is an ex-Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, and one of the most famous polo players in the whole history of that game, is now a hospital supply work centre and a home for little evacuees. Mrs. Buckmaster is O.C. this side of the activities and her working parties specialise in surgical dressings. Mr. Walter Buckmaster, one of the best horsemen that ever sat in a saddle, was Joint-Master of the Warwickshire with the present Lord Portman, 1924-26, and he was in the victorious English International polo teams of 1900 and 1902. The Old Cantabs, which he skippered, also made polo history. As to the history of Moreton Manor, it was originally a sixteenth-century manor, and has been partially rebuilt and added to at later dates. When Queen Elizabeth visited Kenilworth Castle, Lord Leicester moved Amy Robsart to Moreton so as to avoid an awkward *rencontre*. There is said to be a secret passage between the two houses, but this has never been found, and is unlikely to exist, in view of the distance and the frequency with which secret passages are legendary





THE TATLER  
AT  
THE THEATRE

“ONCE A CROOK—” AT THE ALDWYCH

By ANTHONY COOKMAN

THERE is a possibility that Mr. Gordon Harker was not born within earshot of Bow Bells, and I find it hard to believe. He is, for stage purposes, as ripe a Cockney as the great Sam Weller himself. He has only to step into a story, and the story has atmosphere—the atmosphere of grey London streets lit with the rough, smacking, but essentially good-natured irony of the grown-up gutter-snipe. He may have grown up crooked or straight, be nark, fence or cop, drink pints or doubles, wear a muffler or a tie with a diamond horse-shoe flashing from it: the irony is unfailing, and it is the same. It is the same because it is the authentic humour of the street corner and bar-parlour, and Mr. Harker, whichever author he happens at the time to be serving, brings it with him.

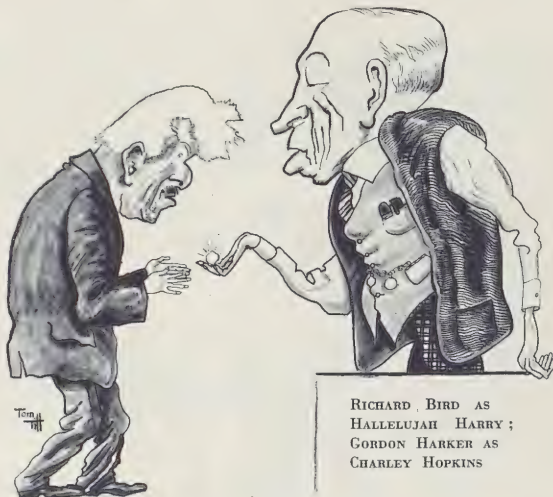
To say that there is nothing else in this piece would be most unjust to the authors. It is the sort of thing that everybody rather likes saying about any story that has evidently been cut to the measure of a particular actor, and absolutely insists on saying when the story deals with pistols and jewels and the attempt of a crook by means of the one to plant the other on a former confederate.

To my thinking, Miss Evadne Price and Mr. Ken Attiwill, setting out to use this actor's personality for all it is worth, have done a very good job of work.

When the old lag, now a highly respectable publican, is off the stage, the story by no means drags superfluous. It may be the police letting us know what a good fellow Charley Hopkins was even in the days when he worked at safe-cracking with the Duke, an American gangster with a black soul and a sweet tooth. It may be Charley's son, the apple of his eye, putting

has one that is tiny but lovely—the inevitable “Aunty” whose sharp tongue is the price of her efficiency in the domestic arrangements of the “Dog and Duck.” There is nothing very original about the criminals; but in the capable hands of Miss Anna Konstam and Mr. William Holland they keep their scenes alive.

Mr. Harker is provided with plenty of pretexts to smack his lips and cough aggressively and meet barbed inquiry with the blank look that speaks so eloquently of injured innocence. The more dangerous the question, the more likely is he to dismiss it as “plausible, very plausible, I'm sure.” But even this gag fails Charley Hopkins when the Duke, holding his pistol in gloved hand, shoots his moll dead and, just before the police burst in, tosses the smoking gun into the ungloved hands of the old lag. Charley, for once, is not quick enough on the uptake; which is satisfactory. Otherwise we should not have the pleasure of watching him face a threatening death-sentence with that mixture of brusque irony and cheerful staunchness which is Mr. Harker's very valuable stock-in-trade. It is not for all markets; but those who like it at all will, I think, like this piece very much.



GEORGE STREET AS INSPECTOR MARSH; PATRICK PARSONS  
AS BILL HOPKINS; MARGERY CALDICOTT AS AUNTY

himself into the clutches of the Duke by seeking the embraces of the Duke's blonde moll, and being left in possession of a stolen stone that is too famous to be marketable. It may be the Duke himself, so pleased with the way his vengeance upon Charley is going that, at a hint of disgust from the blonde, he breaks her arm. These scenes necessarily exclude Mr. Harker, and might, therefore, be dull, but they are cleverly enough put together for us to follow them without the slightest impatience. This is because the authors really do know their job. They know that in writing a piece for one actor, the fatal thing is to concentrate too much upon him. He and the play and the audience will alike benefit if there are also serviceable parts for other actors.

There are in this case several other good parts. Mr. Richard Bird has one—a Bardolphian potman who lives in an aura of Salvationism and alcoholism. Mr. Ernest Borrow has another—a police sergeant whose genial pessimism is a tonic few prisoners on trial for their life could stand without incurring a fresh murder charge. Miss Margery Caldicott



WILLIAM HOLLAND AS THE DUKE; ANNA  
KONSTAM AS ESTELLE GRAHAM





CHARMING THE CHICKENS

The hens seem very much at home climbing all over Sally Anne, the daughter of the Puck-like comedian Bobby Howes and his wife, Patricia Malone



BOBBY HOWES WITH "HUBERT" THE DUCK, AND HIS DAUGHTER

*Learn to Love*, a musical version of *The Charm School*, eagerly awaited by all Bobby Howes' admirers, is due at His Majesty's Theatre on October 10, after a preliminary at the Opera House, Manchester. The book is by Greatrex Newman and Clifford Grey, who were also co-authors of *Mr. Cinders*, one of the many successes in which Bobby Howes and Binnie Hale appeared together

## "LEARN TO LOVE" AND LEARNING TO LIVE ON THE LAND

(BELOW)

### SERIOUS CONCENTRATION

Sally Anne Howes is seen with her friend "Jackie" Hulbert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hulbert and niece of the ever-delightful Jack Hulbert, who is a near neighbour of the Howes at Essenden, Herts. Pictures of Jack Hulbert on his farm appeared in our last week's issue



Photos.: Houston Rogers

### CUTTING THE HOME-GROWN CUCUMBERS

Mrs. Howes and Sally Anne looking on with pride while Bobby copes with the cucumbers. Amongst those who will appear with him in *Learn to Love* are Adèle Dixon, Fred Emney, Richard Dolman, Helen Hays and Carol Raye. Firth Shephard is the producer; the music is by Manning Sherwin; lyrics by Eric Maschwitz and the dances and ensembles arranged by Freddie Carpenter





## TWO OF THE PREMIER'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS

ONE AN ACTRESS, THE OTHER  
A CHARMING DÉBUTANTE

### MISS SARAH CHURCHILL

Miss Sarah Churchill, in private life Mrs. Vic Oliver, takes her name from the great Prime Minister's great ancestor who was winning his brightest bays in the field of battle. She has been able to make an able name for herself on the stage, and her most recent activity is in the rôle of a heroine in a radio play. She is the second of the three daughters of the Prime Minister and Mrs. Winston Churchill. The eldest, Mrs. Winston Churchill, is one of the most distinguished volunteers for nursing work. The youngest, Mrs. Winston Churchill, is also a volunteer.





MISS MARY CHURCHILL

Photos: Antony Beauchamp

of many distinguished women who have figured in the history of her house. "Viceroy" Sarah ruled England politically at the time when the operations which terminated in the decisive battle from which the family seat takes its name. Miss Sarah Churchill has made a consideration of Sutton Vane's arresting play, *Outward Bound*, which opened at the New Theatre on August 28. Simultaneously, Sarah Churchill tops the series *Cock-a-Doodle-Do*, which commences on September 14. Miss Mary Churchill, who is eight years younger than her sister, and the youngest whom the war deprived of the debutante's fair due, an official coming-out. On the outbreak of war she took up work in a canteen, and also all's daughters, Mrs. Duncan Sandys, is the wife of the Member for Lambeth (Norwood Division), and is the former Miss Diana Churchill





MRS. RONALD CROSS AND HER DAUGHTERS, DIANA, SUSANNA AND ANGELA

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

## THE MINISTER OF SHIPPING

### HIS WIFE AND FAMILY

Before he became Minister of Shipping in June this year the Rt. Hon. Ronald Cross was Minister of Economic Warfare. Both these departments of State will certainly have a big say in the final defeat and disruption of the enemies of our Empire, and very tangible results have already made themselves apparent. Mr. Ronald Cross, Member for Rosendale, Lancs., is a banker and an old Etonian and served all through the last war with a Yeomanry regiment. Mrs. Ronald Cross was formerly Miss Louise Green-Emmiott and is a member of the Civil Nursing Reserve. The pictures were taken at their house, Adbury Springs, near Newbury



THE RT. HON. RONALD CROSS, M.P.



MRS. RONALD CROSS

Pearl Freeman





JUNE YORKSHIRE BRIDE

Mrs. Speir was married in June at Middleton Tyas, Yorkshire, to Mr. Michael Speir, second son of Col. and Mrs. Guy Speir, of The Abbey, North Berwick. He is a consulting engineer with the firm of Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners, engaged on important war work. Mrs. Speir was formerly Miss Mary Baker-Baker, elder daughter of the late Mr. John Baker-Baker, and Mrs. Baker-Baker, of East Hall, Middleton Tyas

## NOTABLE NEWLY-WEDS OF SUMMER 1940

AN AUGUST LONDON BRIDE

Mrs. Hookham's marriage took place early in August at Chelsea Old Church to Cadet-Officer Felix Edward Fontes Hookham, only son of Mr. F. J. Hookham, of Shanghai, and of Mrs. Hookham, of 69, Egerton Gardens, S.W.3. Mrs. Felix Hookham was formerly Miss Idell M. Sim, younger daughter of Brig. G. E. H. Sim, D.S.O., M.C., and A.D.C. to H.M. the King, and of Mrs. Sim, of 85, Cadogan Place



MARRIED IN MAY

Captain and Mrs. Boothby were married at Gosport in May. Mrs. Boothby was Miss Pamela Heriot Maitland, elder daughter of Mr. Frederick Lewis Heriot Maitland, of Buenos Aires, and Mrs. Heriot Maitland, of Eldon Lodge, Ascot. Captain Christopher Evelyn Boothby is the younger son of the late Commodore W. O. Boothby, and of Mrs. Boothby, of Redford House, Midhurst, Sussex



AUGUST CHESHIRE WEDDING

Photos.: Pearl Freeman

St. Chad's Church, Farndon, Cheshire, was the scene of Captain and Mrs. F. P. Barclay's wedding. Captain Francis Peter Barclay, M.C., of the Royal Norfolk Regiment, is the elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Barclay. Before her marriage Mrs. F. P. Barclay was Miss Rosemary Eleanor Parker-Jervis, only daughter of the late Major E. M. Parker-Jervis, and of Mrs. Parker-Jervis, of Farndon Hall, Chester



# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## Chinese Scene

ALL around me there creeps stealthily from the horizon the impenetrable mystery of night. How calm it all is! How almost impossible it is to imagine that, maybe within a few hours, most of us may be taking shelter from the danger of falling bombs. The countryside which but a year ago looked as if nothing would ever disturb its quiet loveliness is

a life!" As, indeed, it is! If the theory of reincarnation be a natural law, then I pray and hope that I may return when history is blissfully unconscious of being made. In the meanwhile, the all-embracing shroud of yet another day's close gently enfolds me. I am not at rest, but I am beginning to realise more than ever I did in my whole life the philosophy of living for the moment; since that in all our daily existence is the only reality. Maybe we have boasted of this philosophy for years—boasted of it, but never put it into practice. Which is the way of so many philosophies! So flowery in conviction, so weedy in performance. Nowadays, however, there is no time for flowery theories. Hourly danger has forced us to live as we should, I suppose, always live, from day to day—letting to-morrow nurture its own happiness or woe.

And so I close my eyes and listen to the faint barking of a distant dog and lie mentally fallow, soothed by the faint whispering of falling leaves, already touched by the approach of autumn. How sweet and yet how unutterably sad it is to watch the day being slowly, but oh, so tenderly, wrapped in the gentle slumber of the night! One by one, the dimming sky is being lit by stars, as if unseen angels, taper

in hand, were lighting up the mansions of heaven for a party! Moreover, in sad answer to that gaiety, the distant town, which I know to be full of business and human turmoil, is already wrapped in impenetrable blackness as if it were some forest wherein no man lived. The enemy may be already prepared to shatter by explosion that tragically artificial gloom. Indeed, he may be already on his way. Only nature all around me seems, and is, completely indifferent to what may be coming in the night. She is more consoling now than she has ever been. At moments in the past I have found that indifference sometimes cold and alien. Nowadays I find it the loveliest possibility for escape. I would be one with her, who concentrates all she has and is on the few essential things which belong to life itself—birth, growth towards perfection, a gentle death.

Which is as we should all live, and which this war, more so than the "Great" one, has forced us to do if we would keep our reason and our inner calm. To become utterly indifferent to whatever may befall us, seizing happiness only as it passes on its way—as happiness invariably passes—that, I believe, is the only manner by which to live at peace within ourselves, and which this modern warfare, more than anything else in all our experience, has taught us to practise, albeit against our will. So, against our will, most of us are learning wisdom. As seemingly the Chinese learned it long ago—so long ago that they have forgotten its early lessons.

AT least, that is how it appeared to me while reading Lin Yutang's very long but very interesting novel of Chinese daily life, "Moment in Peking" (Heinemann; 15s.). To the average English reader this may prove a puzzling novel indeed. It is almost entirely composed of detail, piled up slowly, step by step, yet making at the end an unforgettable picture. Its style, too, is rather in the manner of a translation—very precise, very correct; somewhat aloof from emotionalism, yet charming in the metaphorical way of a slow, formal procession; full of colour and organised movement. It is the story of a Chinese family, and the period covered is roughly forty years, beginning with the Boxer Rebellion in 1900 and ending in the midst of the present Japanese invasion. Apart from the story, therefore, it is a kind of historical social document in which the writer describes what he knows, but takes no sides, for or against either the old or modern system of Chinese life.

For me this historical side is the most fascinating in a story which is full of the sorrow, humour and the domestic life of human people. It shows us the gradual but relentless changes which have come about in China since Western influences began to make themselves felt. And how unconscious was this change, except in the minds of the older people who stood aside and watched. How, even now, the old mingles with the new—not as an ancient tradition, but as something which belongs to life itself. So this philosophical acceptance of whatever may befall—so extraordinary to Western minds—may yet prove the one influence which may defeat the triumphs

(Continued on page 332)



NEWDIGATE PRIZEMAN AND HIS FUTURE BRIDE  
Mr. Alan William Plowman, Queen's College, Oxford, and Miss Norma Mary Haigh, whose engagement was announced on August 20. Miss Haigh is the daughter of Mrs. Haigh and the late Captain W. N. Haigh. Mr. Plowman won the Newdigate in 1935, when he was nineteen

now almost a complete network of barbed-wire entanglements, while soldiers march to and fro where only shepherds and their flocks used to wander peacefully by! The nearby seashore, which seemed to welcome bathing trippers rather than, as did the inhabitants, merely endure them, is now deserted; guarded along its entire length by guns and temporary fortifications. Houses are shuttered and silent which such a little time past were busy with family reunions and visitors. The whole scene is at once familiar and yet completely alien. Like the sight of a friend lying dead. Perhaps, most tragic of all, we are actually getting used to it! As we bid one another a good-night we utter the reminder that within a short space of time we may be together as if we had never decided to go to bed! We are not in the least nervous, and the minute tea ration comes in for its abuse even more than the German raiders. We get terribly annoyed by little things, while big fears leave us almost indifferent.

Which is, I suppose, the sign of a high morale, since grumblers in a real crisis usually bear privation as a joke. It is only after the "All Clear" has sounded that one says to oneself: "This is indeed a hell of



SIR PAUL DUKES

Elliott and Fry

Whose new book, "An Epic of the Gestapo," was published on August 22. No better author could be found for such a subject, for Sir Paul Dukes has probably forgotten more about "inner workings" than most people know. Viewed either as a thriller or a slice of real life, it equally fulfils its purpose. "The Story of ST25" was its immediate and exciting predecessor



## WITH THE FLEET AIR ARM—No. 3



A SLIGHT ERROR OF JUDGMENT—BY WING-COMMANDER E. C. OAKLEY BEUTTLE

What seems to have happened is that the aircraft has come down a bit too steeply on the landing-deck and charged the things they call "arresters." Two of the arresters have flipped two of the crew into the air, and the 'plane, which is classed as "slow," is quite fast enough to cause a spot of bother with all and sundry who are near enough to get in its way. The scheme is for the aircraft when landing to drop a hook under the rudder and this catches in the arrester ropes



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

of the invader at the end. For the history of China is a long, long history, and throughout the centuries of its civilisation a philosophy of conduct and outlook has been ingrained in the Chinese mind which will take more than an invasion, even a final defeat, to eradicate. It will remain, like nature herself, unchanged, whatever may happen to disturb its growth.

It is this mingling of the old with the distracting new which makes Lin Yutang's novel such an interesting picture of modern China. It is told in a leisurely manner and it should be read thus leisurely. But at the end you will have got to know intimately at least one delightful middle-class Chinese family and a whole aspect of life which will be a revelation for most of us.

## Thoughts from "Moment in Peking"

"SO important are little things in our life, perfectly meaningless in themselves, but as we look back upon them in their chain of cause and effect, we realise they are sometimes fraught with momentous consequences."

"When Heaven intends to call a man to a great mission, He always first hardens his ambition, belabours his muscles and bones, starves his body, denies him the necessities of life, and frustrates what he sets out to do; so that his ambition may be kindled and his character strengthened and he may learn to do what he could not do before."

"Strange phenomena have always appeared at the ends of dynasties. The unrest comes from the human heart."

## A First-rate Story

"THE CHRISTINE DIAMOND" (Hutchinson: 8s. 6d.), by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, is a crime-story with any number of original new twists—both of character and of incident. Take the detective, for instance. We all know only too well the amateur and professional sleuth who seems so engrossed in the case that it might be his first and his last. Here, however, is one who is so worried by his fee and the possibility that it may not be paid, that his interest is blissfully divided and he becomes all the more a human being in consequence. In reality, however, this is the story of two women. The elder is one of those enamelled, red-haired, thin-lipped old dowagers, once a beauty, which the Edwardian era passed on to the Georgian as an example of how to grow old and "re-upholstered" very ungracefully. In her dyed hair, however, she

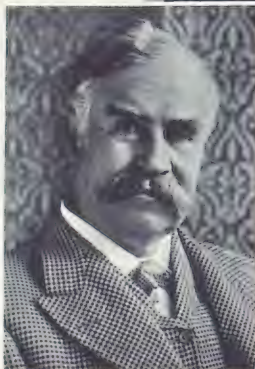
wears in the evening the world-famous Christine diamond.

The other woman is Maria, who would inherit the famous stone if she could bring herself to marry the elder woman's nephew. She is quite willing to do so, but the risk she would have to take in doing this is a lover who both attracts as well as frightens her. She may buy him off, but the payment might equally entail subsequent blackmail. As, indeed, it does. However, when the diamond disappears Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is at her very best in the way of originality and surprises. And the manner of its discovery puts her new novel at the very top of crime fiction at the moment.



GILBERT AND SULLIVAN IN  
"LILLIAN RUSSELL"

Nigel Bruce plays Gilbert and Claude Allister Sullivan in this film, now at the Odeon, with Alice Faye in the lead, and the period of the above picture was that of the great wrangle. As will be seen from the two life portraits of the great partners, the make-up in both cases is a masterpiece. The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company have been doing an Outer London season at the King's, Hammersmith, and Streatham Hill, and this week are at Golders Green, before going on their provincial tour



GILBERT AS HE WAS  
IN REAL LIFE



AND SULLIVAN—ANOTHER  
REAL-LIFE PORTRAIT

## Turmoil in a Parish

THE worst of coming fresh to village life is that in the early days you usually put your right foot in the wrong hole and the wrong one where local influence is strongest. Thus the turmoil begins and it is all part of that contrast between life in a village and life in a town which finally makes life in London just about the only place where the unconventional may find peace. Jane Holt, the heroine of Winifred Duke's new novel, "Counterfeit" (Jarrolds; 9s. 6d.), found this out when, as the bride of the vicar of the industrial town of Middlepool, she invited a certain Mrs. Hinchcliffe and

her eldest daughter, Hester, to take a stall at the bazaar. Bazaars and amateur theatricals are usually the beginnings of local feuds, and this bazaar was no exception. For trouble arose immediately when Hester was discovered in tears, her head leaning affectionately on the shoulder of the bloodless curate! You see, Hester was supposed to be "in a condition," and—well, even bloodless curates have their moments. Only Jane had her doubts, there being the far more probable solution of Hester's trouble in the son of a certain rich manufacturer.

However, the one person who saves the situation towards the end, the bloodless curate again being unjustly involved, is Jane's lovely sister, who began as a baggage and ended as a present for the nicest young man. Thus all is made clear and

acceptable to Middlepool's moral standards, while the curate suitably marries a church-worker. The period of this story is late-Victorian; and so, for older people, it will prove amusing for the scenes of ancient strife it describes; scenes which used to beset villages and country towns, unable in those days to get rid of certain mental repressions by going to the pictures. It is told chiefly in dialogue, and although the dialogue is natural enough, that, in wit and sly humour, is its chief shortcoming. Nevertheless, lots of readers will enjoy its picture of a mental and moral period.

## Life's Important Trivialities

I HAVE long since come to the conclusion that most of the big discomforts of life—discomforts the most difficult to endure, and consequently are unperceived by most people—have no drama and never a climax. They just look unimportant from outside, and so only the imaginatively sympathetic realise they are there at all.

Katherine Ronell's "Fortune's Yoke" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.) is a skilful revelation of such discomforts. It will strike a responsive chord in many a reader's heart. Take but three examples: the story

of the elderly couple who, losing their money, had perforce to spend the twilight of their days in the house of a stupid daughter-in-law; again, the story of helpless childhood in the midst of older people who never even begin to understand the juvenile problem. Lastly, the young woman who imagines that all her sufferings are born of her own innate *joie de vivre*.

This is a book composed almost entirely of life's unimportant trivialities—which really are not at all trivial, even though outsiders may call them unimportant. It is often the little things that matter most!





LEARNING TO USE A STIRRUP-PUMP

This wartime defence gadget plays the part of a modern and enthralling toy to the two elder children of Mrs. Gordon, wife of Captain Hector Gordon, the well-known gentleman rider. Edward and Jane are seen being instructed by their mother how to use a stirrup-pump

WARTIME  
LIFE  
FOR HORSES  
ALSO  
THE FAMILY  
OF A  
WELL-KNOWN  
RACING  
PERSONALITY



THE MANOR HOUSE, BLEWBURY, BUCKS.

The complete cessation of racing in the earlier periods of this war hit everyone connected with it pretty hard, and with master away soldiering, as he is in the case of Captain H. Gordon—and in many others also—the strain of looking after things in the stables falls upon mistress. Mrs. Gordon, formerly Miss Doris Morton, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Morton, of Yeovil, has risen to the occasion, and kept things on their legs at her husband's establishment at the pretty old Manor House at Blewbury. Captain Gordon, whose father was a 12th Lancer in bygone days, is very well known in the ranks of the Corinthians, and one of his many successes was when he won the United Hunts' Challenge Cup at Cheltenham on "Tithe Alarm"



LOOKING AT LIFE FROM THE LAWN

Mrs. Gordon, in her husband's absence in the Army, looks after their lovely Queen Anne house at Blewbury and the three children so happily photographed on the lawn. They are Edward Broad, aged six; Jane Gordon, aged three; and the nine-months-old baby John



THE FAMILY AND "THREE DOGS IN A BOAT"

Mrs. Gordon and Edward, who is preoccupied with a fishing-line, are being gently punted by three-year-old Jane on the lake at their home at Blewbury, Berkshire. Two of the dogs look as if they would soon be overboard for a swim



Photos: Swache

STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH

Mrs. Gordon and family and some other members of the household who, owing to circumstances over which they have no control, have been compelled to eat the grass of idleness. The stoppage of racing has been necessary, but it has hit racing people pretty hard



# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

NETT results are the only things which count in peace or in war. What are the proven facts established beyond all question or doubt by certain recent happenings? The answer is an easy one: neither in attack nor defence is the Hun as good as we are. Our defence is as air-tight as makes no particular matter: our attack devastating.



THE EARL OF ESSEX

On a field day with his Home Guard unit. He is a company commander and in happier times a well-known ex-M.F.H. (The Blazers and, later, the Craven)

These are hard facts, not Grimm's fairy-tales.

EVERYTHING, even bloody war, has its comic side. Göring has said that all this is merely a reconnaissance. Why not

tell that one to the Horse Marines? You do not throw about 70 per cent. of your total effectives into a reconnaissance. What effect is this failure going to have upon dragooned and muzzled Germany when concealment ceases to be possible? They have an adage in that country:

*Wer einmal lügt dem glaubt man nicht  
Und wen er auch die Wahrheit spricht.*

Germany will be compelled to realise that she has the distinction of possessing the world's two most monumental liars. The effect can be left to the imagination. He who once has lied is never again believed, even if he speaks the truth.

"THOU can'st not fear us with thy sails, . . . we'll speak with thee at sea!" The words are familiar and apposite, because they were spoken by a valourous gentleman who, however, had spent far too much time "tumbling on the bed of Ptolemy." At any rate, he lost any chance he may have had in the famous three-cornered duel at the naval contest off Actium. He failed to "speak" to his opponents at sea. Actium was fought in 31 B.C., and some of us are inclined to think that there has not been an Italian fighting seaman since that far-off time. There are no signs at all at present of any who are anxious to "snatch the trident from Britannia's grasp." The Dagos are extremely good judges not to try to do anything so foolish. Anthony's defeat at Actium was as decisive as the words flung forth before it were boastful, and as stupid as those of the gentleman who has been aptly and rudely called a bull-frog.

THE matter of identification of railway stations under our present war conditions, and especially during the black-out hours, is being forcefully tackled, as they say, and all sorts of suggestions are being made to help the wretched and often completely befogged passenger. The conclusion reached by the experts seems to be that: "The least costly method to the railway companies would be to arrange that the name of the station should be shouted *distinctly by the railway-staff.*" The italics are not the experts'—but they then go on

to remark that "at some country stations the local dialect might leave the ordinary traveller in the dark, while standard English might fog the local inhabitant." The public is very long-suffering, and it does not ask for much: it might not even go so far as to clamour for lessons in elocution and voice production for porters, but I think that it has a right to demand that



LORD ASHLEY

The Earl of Shaftesbury's elder son and heir is a major in the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, whose present location in the theatre of war is not mentionable

when a train stops at Harrow, the local announcer should not so pronounce that word as to make it sound exactly like Eton. I think that it is high time that the O.E. and O.H. Associations joined in a joint vigorous protest.



NUMBER BLANK (CONTINENTAL) FERRY POOL

The full list of names is as follows: (l. to r., back row) Flt.-Sergt. W. Sully, Sergeants C. W. C. Farrow, G. M. Kerr, F. H. D. McCuan, S. Cook, F. J. Lewis, W. Eagles, W. A. Doherty, W. G. Silver, Flt.-Sergt. S. T. Carpenter, Sergeants J. Murray, W. D. Wellwood, G. H. Capsey, P/O Brundall, M.A. Sergt. J. E. Robinson, Sergeants H. V. A. Jock, T. Morrison, H. T. Clark, L. K. Newman, S. Merry, R. M. Smealley; (second row) Sergeants J. Ketley, L. James, R. J. Fulbrook, T. G. Neesh, F. A. Evans, L. G. Hill, E. C. Thompson, P/Os A. Ashworth, H. G. Batten, P. M. Hartas, —, Mansfield, N. R. P/O R. F. Milne, P/Os A. B. Parker, R. F. Donati, F/O A. D. Pickup, P/O A. V. Fisher, Sergeants R. A. Breeze, B. B. Noble, L. C. Ashford, Flt.-Sergt. C. H. Ashley, Sergt. R. E. Goodwright; (third row) P/O P. Drummond, F/O V. T. L. Wood, F/O J. A. McCarthy, P/Os L. W. Bennett, R. M. Russell, C. de V. Halkett, M. A. Lacayo, M. D. S. Heed, A. J. Smith, A. B. Woods, J. M. Cave, M. C. Kinder, R. H. Thomas, J. H. Seward, W. G. Gasquoine, A. T. Wheatley, H. W. Morgan, F/O C. J. Gallingham, P/Os W. Armstrong, E. B. Topp, C. E. Langdon, W. S. Shann, F/O C. G. B. McClure, P/O J. W. Smith, P/O K. P. English, F/O H. N. Edge, F/O M. D. Wilson, P/O G. T. Baynham, A. G. Maycock, P. N. Scretion, C. A. Bird, E. W. Wootton, R. C. Ferguson, F/O C. G. Allman, Flt.-Lieut. G. H. A. Blackwood, Flt.-Lieut. E. M. Morris, Sq.-Ldr. F. W. L. Wild, Sq.-Ldr. T. G. L. Gale, Flt.-Lieut. J. R. Randall, F/O R. R. Bentley, Flt.-Lieut. E. S. T. Cole, F/O D. M. Barker, P/Os R. Bicknell and McCracken, A. S. P/O H. C. P. Turney, P/O J. Clayton, P/O M. N. Hesketh, F/O W. R. Bailey

Dennis Moss





SOME OF "PLUM'S" PLUMS v. WEST INDIES  
Sir Pelham Warner's side, bristling with celebs., won by 117 in the recent match at Lord's. In the picture (l. to r.; standing): Captain S. C. Griffith (Sussex), Sub-Lt. G. T. S. Stevens, R.N.V.R., Flt./Lt. R. W. V. Robins (Middlesex), Major G. O. Allen (Middlesex), P./O. R. M. Taylor (Essex); (sitting) Sergt. Instr. L. Hutton (Yorkshire), Lt. F. R. Brown (Surrey), and Cadet B. H. Valentine (Kent)

## PLAYING THEIR GAMES IN WARTIME



PILOT OFFICER HENRY COTTON AND HIS WIFE  
Our great Champion is in the Administrative and Special Branch, R.A.F., and was on a spot of leave when this was taken, in order, so it was said, to make final arrangements for his Red Cross matches



THE SCOTS GUARDS v. BALLOON BARRAGE MATCH  
Lt. E. G. Mann, who, like his brother, J. P., played for Eton, and are Frank Mann's sons, arriving at Lord's with Lt. J. P. Vestey for the match against a Balloon Barrage side



ANOTHER PICTURE AT THE SCOTS GUARDS v. BALLOONS MATCH AT LORD'S  
The names (l. to r.) are: F./P. L. G. Mosby (Balloon Barrage XI), also Group Captain E. G. Davis, O.C. Balloon Barrage; Sir Pelham Warner, Sq./Ldr. Baird, and Lieut. E. S. Hill-Davies. An inopportune air-raid warning robbed the Balloons of a well-deserved win. They had 309 in the bag for 3; Scots Guards 188 for 9



## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

MACTAVISH was a buyer in one of the largest stores "north of the Tweed," and had just returned from a business trip to London and the Home Counties. When he was relating his experiences a friend asked him, "An' what did ye think o' the English when ye were down there?"

"Oh, I didna see any," replied MacTavish blandly. "I only met the heads of the departments, ye see."

A caller at an education office near Manchester discovered the staff in a state of hilarity.

Asking the cause, he was handed a grubby piece of paper from the morning's mail, and a finger pointed out the concluding words of an indignant parent's protest against his child's being sent to a special school: "And let me tell you there has never been any trace of mentality on either his mother's side or mine."

A temperance lecturer was giving a talk on the dreadful effects of long and continuous indulgence in the use of alcohol. He mentioned, with most circumstantial details, a case in which a man who had drunk to excess for a number of years was so completely saturated with alcoholic fumes that one night when he was blowing out a candle his breath took fire, and he died in a short time from spontaneous combustion. One of the audience came up to the platform and said that he wished to thank the lecturer for having saved his life.

"How have I saved your life?" asked the speaker.

"Well," he replied, "you've saved my life all right. I'll never blow a candle out as long as I live."

THE dud comedian was raving about his new monologue to the hard-boiled agent.

"Funny?" enthused the comedian. "Why, this act of mine is so full of comedy lines that it's tremendous! It makes Eddie Cantor sound like an amateur in comparison! Boy, have I got something here!"

"Oh, all right," grunted the agent wearily, "let's hear it."

The comedian started off immediately with a string of alleged gags. He went through the entire act. When he finished he grabbed the agent by the lapel.

"Well," he beamed, "isn't that the funniest act you ever heard?"

The agent regarded him with an expressionless face.

"Funny?" he sneered. "Don't make me laugh!"



"My friend would like something for a hangover"

THE young man, a sparkle in his eye, walked into the princely-looking boat store. He looked around and picked out a snappy, richly coloured yacht.

"If I bought this yacht on easy payments," he asked the salesman, "how long would it take me to pay for it completely?"

The salesman gazed thoughtfully at the prospective customer.

"How much," he countered, "can you afford to pay each week?"

"Well," said the young man, rubbing his chin, "I earn twenty-five dollars a week. I imagine I can pay off about five dollars a week on this boat."

The salesman's eyes popped. "Five dollars a week!" he cried. "Why, at that rate it would take you more than three hundred years to pay off this yacht!"

The young man gazed longingly at the trim craft.

"So what?" he mused. "It's worth it!"

THE small boy had been calling for his father to go up to his bedroom.

"Fancy," said father, "a great big boy like you being afraid to sleep in the dark. I'm ashamed of you."

"Huh!" snorted the child. "It's all very well for you to talk! You've got mother to look after you!"

"WHAT, fish again?" growled he. "We're always having fish."

"Well, John," said the wife, "it's good for you. It feeds the brain."

"Rubbish! Why should you think my brain needs so much feeding?"

"Well, didn't your mother give you fish before you got married?"

"No," he snapped. "I wish she had."

THE young man had been in the nursing home for some time, and had been extremely well looked after by the pretty young nurse.

"Nurse," said the patient one morning, "I'm in love with you. I don't want to get well."

"Don't worry," replied the nurse cheerfully, "you won't. The doctor's in love with me too, and he saw you kissing me this morning."



"Well, I must speak as I think"  
"Yes, I know—only oftener"





# Why Ovaltine

*is the Best*

## "STAND-BY"

### Food Beverage

The Cup that Cheers  
in any emergency

THE same outstanding advantages and supreme quality which have for many years past firmly established 'Ovaltine' as the world's most widely-used tonic food, make it the best "stand-by" for all war-time emergencies.

★ *The unique advantages of 'Ovaltine.'*

Scientifically prepared from Nature's finest protective and restorative foods, 'Ovaltine' is, in itself, a complete and perfectly balanced food. It provides a wealth of nourishment to every cell and tissue of body, brain and nerves. 'Ovaltine' alone will sustain health, strength and stamina over prolonged periods.

★ *Its pre-eminent nerve-restoring properties.*

'Ovaltine' is outstanding as a restorative of the nervous system. Obviously no food beverage can be nerve-restoring and nerve-sustaining unless it has nerve-building properties derived from its ingredients. The exceptional properties of 'Ovaltine' in this respect come largely from the eggs which are used in its manufacture. This is one important reason why 'Ovaltine' is the complete tonic food beverage.

★ *In times of extra tension.*

The special properties of 'Ovaltine' make it of particular value in times of stress, by day or night. 'Ovaltine' soothes the nerves, helps you to relax and relieves "inner tension."

★ *The utmost benefit from your sleeping hours.*

When sleep is broken or lost, 'Ovaltine' quickly ensures its renewal and helps to make good the loss through its exceptional revitalising and nerve-restoring properties.

★ *The best supplement to your dietary.*

'Ovaltine' will make your diet complete in health-giving nourishment because it provides the proteins, carbohydrates, calcium, mineral salts and other valuable nutritive elements which are essential to health. Its vitamin content is also outstanding.

★ *Evidence of supreme merit.*

Remember that 'Ovaltine' is the food beverage most widely recommended by doctors everywhere. 'Ovaltine' is also most economical: 24 cupfuls can be made from the 1s. 1d. tin. Packed in airtight tins, 'Ovaltine' will "keep" indefinitely, and it is very easily prepared. If milk is not available, water can be used, as 'Ovaltine' itself contains milk. 'Ovaltine' can also be eaten dry—alone, or with biscuits, or as a sandwich.

Drink **OVALTINE**  
—and note the difference  
in your Nerve-strength and Outlook

**OVALTINE TONIC TABLETS**

*An emergency ration for eating*



Ovaltine Tablets contain the energising and sustaining elements of 'Ovaltine'. Carry an emergency supply in your pocket or handbag. In two sizes, 1s. 3d. and 4d.

For all these reasons, 'Ovaltine' stands in a class alone. You will be wise to lay in extra supplies of 'Ovaltine' **now**.





# The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke



NEVER has there been a time when reversible coats have been so welcome. No rival to fear has the collection which is to be seen at Fenwick's, 62-63, New Bond Street, the majority of these coats being reinforced with hoods. It is ocelot fur fabric, lined with black, which makes the model above. The inset at the top of the page shows how attractive it is when the coat is reversed and the hood thrown back. Then it will come as a pleasant surprise that the cost is only 6½ guineas. There are other practical coats of lama and lambs wool

IT is always a pleasure to go to Burberry's, in the Haymarket. Today they are making a feature of lounge suits for the evening meal, after which work has to be resumed. They are equally suitable for garden and house wear in general. The one pictured on the right is of soft wool Anderson tartan; needless to say, it is admirably tailored. The coat is 79s. 6d., the slacks 69s. 6d., while the pure cashmere jumper is 42s. Very important features of the suit are the longer coat and the width of the slacks, which suggest a divided skirt





A Supreme  
Fashion  
Achievement



GRADUATED  
KNIFE-EDGE  
PLEATS  
ALL ROUND

BUT **NO**  
PLEATS  
ON HIPS

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A  
Y**

**Y**OU have only to see a KONERAY Pleated Skirt in wear to realise how infinitely superior it is to any other pleated skirt. Beautifully graduated knife-edge pleats all round that taper off into a close-fitting hip line. No pleats on hips to broaden them; no pull on the pleats to cause their eventual disappearance. A smarter, more graceful, or more flattering skirt for any woman just does not exist. Available in a variety of quality materials, including Checks, Worsteds, Tweeds, Authentic Tartans, Flannels, Irish Linen and Cream Serge, at good-class drapers and stores, price from 30/-.

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PATENT PENDING  
**PLEATED SKIRTS**

MINISTRY



OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S

# FOOD

## FACTS No 6

Are you collecting these useful advertisements? Start now and pin them up in your kitchen.



**I**F you eat more than you need, you are wasting food as surely as if you had thrown it away. So eat what you need, but no more. Buy wisely and cater strictly. For your health's sake, as well as your country's, remember that "enough is better than a feast."

Save food! Save money! Save cargo space for munitions!

### ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

#### HOW TO STORE CARROTS.

The secret of storing carrots is in lifting them (pulling them up) in good condition. Lift them during dry weather, not later than the middle of October. Reject all blemished carrots and all damaged or forked roots. It is not necessary to clean them, but be careful to see they are quite dry.

You will need a dry shed for your storing, if possible with a stone or concrete floor, and some slightly moist sand. If you cannot get sand, earth, taken from the top of the ground, shaken through a very fine sieve and slightly moistened, is the best substitute.

Lay alternate rows of carrots and sand (or earth), either on the ground, in a pyramid shape, or in boxes. Cover your pyramid or box with sand (or earth). Put over it a layer of straw as a safeguard against frost. The carrots should be stored crown to tail in rows. Use the carrots as you require them, but take care that the remaining pile is always well covered. It is a wise plan to rebuild your pyramid at least once during the winter.

#### HOW TO DRY

##### RUNNER BEANS

Select young fresh beans. Top, tail and string. Slice each bean into three. Dip in boiling water for 2 minutes. Drain. Dry on a muslin-covered rack until quite crisp in intense sunlight, or in a hot airing cupboard or in a very slow oven (not more than 120°F) with door ajar, or on a muslin hammock, suspended over a heat storage cooker. Store beans in bags in a dry place. Soak overnight before using.

##### CAULIFLOWER LEAVES

Always ask your greengrocer for the leaves of the cauliflower. As well as being rich in vitamins, the leaves taste delicious. Cook and serve them with the cauliflower, or have them as a separate vegetable next day.



**This casual  
Autumn Coat  
has smart  
detailing...**



"Lymington." A smartly cut coat of fine fleece-finish material, trimmed with self stitching. The new broad shoulders deserve special attention. In grey, brown or wine. Hip sizes 38, 40, 42 and 44 in. **63/-**

Stock Size Coats:  
Second Floor

**Swan & Edgar**  
Piccadilly, W.1

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1



# PETROL VAPOUR By W. G. McMINNIES

## A Mechanical Genius

**A**FTER a long illness Mr. Walter P. Chrysler passed away at the age of sixty-five. His life story is typical of the romance that has been woven round the motor trade, for, starting as a mechanic earning a few pence an hour, Chrysler ended up as the £40,000 a year president of his own company. In the interval he had been superintendent of motive power in a Middle West railway, production manager to the Buick Company and an important executive in the Willys-Overland enterprise. In 1924 he became chief of the Chrysler Corporation which in its first season disposed of 12½ million pounds' worth of new cars.

Chrysler was a born mechanic. One of his most treasured possessions was a set of tools he had fashioned with his own hands. As a lad he had built his own shot gun and at a later date when floods cut off the town where he was living he constructed a cannon out of iron piping and shot a telephone wire from it to bridge the waters and so establish communication.

That beautiful skyscraper in New York named after the motor millionaire was for some time the tallest building in the city. Then came a height competition in which architects added towers,

domes and even airship anchoring poles to their designs in order to obtain publicity for their respective corporations. But with all these tricks the Chrysler building in which Chrysler had his own suite of offices remains an outstanding example of beauty and balance among the high buildings of the world.

The early Chrysler cars were notable not only for their mechanical excellence but also for the commercial drive that rapidly rocketed their sales. Their publicity in this country created a new vogue in style, punch and phrasing. Before the Chrysler advertising appeared no one had thought of using such words as "flashing" to denote a car's acceleration. Even the lettering of the announcements was designed to suggest life and action. And as the cars substantiated the claims thus made they leapt into the limelight in a single season.

## Lights and Rifles on Small Cars

Those of us who mount night guard in strange places know how penetrating the lights of car lamps can be. A single headlamp may be visible many miles away and sometimes, owing to the movement of the car, may even be mistaken

for signalling. It therefore behoves all drivers to ensure that their masks are adjusted properly and that the beams are not pointing upwards or emitting too much light. For in an otherwise well-blackouted landscape a stream of car lights may give a vital clue along a road past an aerodrome, factory or power plant.

These night watches put a big strain on a small car, many of which are doing good work in transporting the Home Guard to their posts along deeply rutted farm tracks, up rocky hillsides and even over open country. The modern "eight" or "ten" was never designed to take four jolly farmers, their greatcoats, gumboots and rifles to these outlandish places. Nor is a bunch of rifles one of the most convenient war props one can carry in a car. Also it's destructive for the upholstery unless wrapped in a rug or tarpaulin. For which reason I'd like to hear of some kind of clip or support that would allow of four rifles being carried upright in a car instead of sprawling over the seats. Unfortunately the average small car body is not wide enough to enable the rifles to be laid across the floor.

## Time to Change Oil

The colder weather warns us that it will soon be time to change over from summer to winter grades of oil. And anyway a draining and refill of

# S U P E R I O R I T Y

Daily you read of the superiority of British Aircraft. And thankfully you acknowledge the advantages of their superiority. For over 20 years, the Alvis Company has been producing motor cars providing just such advantages in their own sphere. And the results have been achieved by exactly the same methods—superior design and workmanship. Incidentally, the Alvis aero engine factory today boldly carries on the same tradition. Alvis superiority and engineering excellence will always be maintained.

## ALVIS LIMITED, COVENTRY

London Sales and Service Depot: 16 Uxbridge Rd., Ealing, W.5. Phone: Ealing 2064-6

A range of cars can also be inspected at 103 New Bond Street, W.1



P/O J. K. U. B. McGRATH,  
D.F.C.

The twenty-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. McGrath of The Postern, Tonbridge, got his Distinguished Flying Cross for the gallant part he played in the recent bitter air fighting over this country, in the course of which his plane was shot down in flames. He is an Old Harrovian, and when at school excelled at all forms of athletics. In peace time he hunts with the West Kent Hounds

the sump with clean oil will work wonders as the following experience shows. Several times a week I climb a long and trying hill. With a freshly decarbonized engine, clean oil and a rush at the foot I can just do it on top. Normal procedure needs a gear change one-third of the way up. But a recent refilling with clean oil found the car climbing almost all the way on top without any preliminary rush or any sign of pinking.





"Well, that's that.  
Cleared 'em right up.  
Took everything without  
a falter. Good old tank.  
Everything's fine. And  
did I hit the high spots?  
I'll say!"

*It reminds me of my M.G.*

★ SAFETY FAST

**THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LTD.**

*Viscount Nuffield, Chairman*

*Abingdon-on-Thames*



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO THE  
PRINCE OF WALES  
1936



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HIS  
KING OF SWEDEN

*'Quality  
Tells'*



*Sanderson's*  
LUXURY BLEND  
SCOTCH WHISKY

**VAT 69**

WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD., LEITH



# The Stroller



FUR 365 FELTS



"365" FUR FELTS ARE STOCKED BY ALL HIGH CLASS MILLINERS AND STORES. SIZES 6½, 6¾ and 7

Distributed by WOOLLEY SANDERS & Co., Ltd., Wood Street, London, E.C.2



This marabout coat, lined with jap silk, is extremely light and easy to wear. 39/6  
In pink, sky, light and dark peach.

**JENNERS**  
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH  
LIMITED

## Handworked SMOCKS

**Ideal for COUNTRY, TOWN and CANTEN WEAR**  
and in the home  
In greater demand than ever!  
No. 2 Illustrated, 30 in. long, Chintz 4/9.  
Also with short sleeves.  
WRITE FOR SPECIAL CATALOGUE "CS.3" of over 38 different styles and 28 materials.  
From 25/9 27 in. long.  
Also Catalogue F13 Of Smocked Frocks, Sherry Party and Restaurant wear, etc.  
CAN BE SENT ON APPROVAL with patterns against deposit or two trade references.  
**LILLA**  
7 Lower Grosvenor Place, Buckingham Palace Rd., LONDON, S.W.1. Phone: VIC 7751

## Maternity Wear

**EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS RELIABLE MATERIALS**  
Suits, Day and Dinner Dresses at moderate prices. Hand-worked Smocks and Cocktail Coatees in crease-resisting Cottons and materials from 42/-.  
CAN BE SENT ON APPROVAL. Usual refs. or deposit CATALOGUE "M.3" FREE ON REQUEST  
**LILLA**  
7 Lower Grosvenor Place, Buckingham Palace Road, LONDON, S.W.1. Phone: VIC 7751

## THAT SCHOOL OUTFIT COSTS MONEY

Every article must be marked with CASH'S Name Tapes. CASH'S Adhesive combs, shoes, etc.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL INVENTORY OF CLOTHES

Name	Item	Quantity	Value
1	1 Jacket (Check 200) for Sunday	1	10/0
2	1 Pair of Trousers (Check 200) for Sunday	1	10/0
3	1 Pair of Trousers (Check 200) for Sunday	1	10/0
4	1 Pair of Trousers (Check 200) for Sunday	1	10/0
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99	1 Pair of Trousers (Check 200) for Sunday	1	10/0
100	1 Pair of Trousers (Check 200) for Sunday	1	10/0

Mark every item of the School Outfit clearly and neatly with CASH'S NAME TAPES - the most sensible identifying system to safeguard clothes and avoid the continual replacement of lost articles. They are fadeless and outlast the article they name.

FROM ALL DRAPERS AND STORES  
3 doz. 3/3 6 doz. 4/3 12 doz. 5/9

Send for FREE illustrated booklet "Lose Less Linen."  
J. & J. CASH LTD. (Dept. B.5), COVENTRY.

**CASH'S ADHESIVE SOLUTION**  
With Cash's new waterproof adhesive you can fix Cash's Name Tapes to brushes, combs, boots and shoes, and dozens of similar articles. Quick-drying, easily attached. 9d. per tube.

**Cash's NAME TAPES**

## BREAST SUPPORTER

For small figures only, in white fine material, 19/6  
White material. For drooping, heavy figures, 38/6  
Loose Breasts, 32/6  
Pink Silk or Net Detachable straps from 52/6  
Very low back model, 63/-

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**WITHOUT & WITH NURSE WITH COMFORT**  
JOUJOU GIVES UPLIFT and SUPPORT TO FIRM or LOOSE BREASTS  
Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.  
Various prices for one's requirements and taste. FOR AMPUTATION. Prices on application.  
Joujou Breast Supporter with Pad.  
Personal fitting when calling or send your order, see illustrated circular. If not satisfactory, money returned in U.K. Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Write or Phone Welbeck 1240.  
Post free only in U.K. Obtainable only from—  
"JOUJOU" Co. 32, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Keep on buying  
**Saving Certificates**

Steady increase in Value  
Free of Income Tax



N E W F R E E D O M



What a blessing it is  
that sanitary protection  
is now worn internally



SOLD BY BOOTS, ALL CHEMISTS, DRAPERS AND DEPARTMENTAL STORES. PRICES 1/6, 1/- AND 6d.



# AIR EDDIES By OLIVER STEWART

## Bill's Bills

**N**CESSITY, including the paper shortage, is the mother of invention. Since what the public calls the newspaper "posters" and what Fleet Street calls the "bills" have been superseded by the chalk inscriptions of the newsvendors a new interest has come to London. Many people have commented upon the wit of these extempore bill-writers and it is positive that the individually created bill is of greater interest than the printed one. The very hand of the writer is revealing and in each bill there is both a press and a personality. In the days of the great Royal Air Force victories over the *Luftwaffe*, when the latter service was trying unsuccessfully to strike these islands a mortal blow, the bills scintillated in the Strand and sparkled in Shaftesbury Avenue. Many of them used the cricket score parallel when giving the numbers of German aircraft shot down. One bill, not commented on, was displayed in the Strand when the Royal Air Force destroyed four Italian warships. It appealed to me as being typical of Cockney cockishness and it read: "R.A.F. Bump Off Four Wopships."

In this matter of the hand-written bill we have

gained by the war. I hope that we shall not go back to the mass printed, standardized, stereotyped bill of peace time. It would be dull by comparison.

## One Year of Air War

**B**y the time these notes appear we shall have reached the end of the first year of the war. On the air side it has been divided into four distinct periods: the first, a period of suspended activity during which the operations were confined to sporadic attacks on our shipping and to leaflet raids on Germany by the Royal Air Force; the second, when the Royal Air Force had to do what it could to aid the other arms in the Norway campaign; the third, when it had to do what it could to aid the Army in the campaign in France and Flanders; and the fourth, when it was called upon at last to work in the way it had been designed to work, in defence of these islands and in counter-bombing attack on the enemy.

It is natural, when you know the way in which the Royal Air Force has been built up and trained, that it should do best in the fourth period. As a service tied to the Army it fought heroically, but many of the ingenious plans which had earlier been formulated had to be abandoned in the

rough and tumble of the war in Northern France.

In the fourth period there came into play the full plans for long range bombing (the raids on Milan and Turin on 1,600 miles courses made military history) and also the full plans for defence. Let us not forget that the key to the defence successes was the smooth, quick and intelligent working of the operations rooms. The British system of air defence is certainly the most elaborate and probably the most highly developed.

## Photographs

**A**n exhibition of photographs illustrating almost every phase of life and work in the Royal Air Force was opened on the 23rd of August at the Grafton Galleries, 158 New Bond Street, W.1. Some of these pictures are particularly fine and they show that aeroplanes in flight make splendid subjects when the photographer knows his job. But it is true that the number of good air photographers is small. Some of the best have been taken back into the Royal Air Force since the war began and those still available for providing the Press with pictures are limited.

Their activities are also limited by the authorities. I spent about six months trying to get out of the Air

Ministry permission for one of the best air photographers in the world to visit some stations to obtain some pictures for me. I doubt if he would have been allowed to go yet unless the public had not become restive about the way in which the Germans were pouring out good air pictures while we were doing nothing comparable on our side. The further result of thus keeping out the men with real air experience has been some lamentable instances of faking. When no good straight pictures are available and when the Press is starved of such pictures, the less scrupulous will sometimes resort to faking. Yet good air pictures which are more dramatic than any faked pictures can be had provided permission is given by the authorities to those who are competent to take them. But the Air Ministry seems unwilling to discriminate between the experienced and tried aeronautical specialist and some trumped up novice who sets up as an aeronautical "expert" on the grounds of having been a couple of weeks in the equipment branch of the service.

## Police Duties

**W**hile nations clash in mortal combat and the whole earth reels under the flame and blood of cosmic conflict, the London police go quietly and conscientiously about their duties of running people in whose dogs cause a "nuisance" on the pavement and of making quite sure that all night clubs are conducted on strictly Sunday school lines or else shut down. The dog case occurred between air raids in Kensington just about the time when the local authorities in various parts were complaining that they had to leave their air raid shelters open because otherwise petty thefts occurred. The police can chase the night clubs and bottle parties and the dog owners, but air raid problems just leave them cold. They are not interested. Surely the case is good for a demand for a further increase in the size of an already enormous force which can always find work of a perfectly useless kind for idle hands to do!

# Rodex Coats

FOR THE BUSY AND PRACTICAL WOMAN

Rodex maintains the quality of its fabrics and the high standard of production essential for durability and service.

Made by  
W. O. PEAKE LTD.,  
21 Hanover Street,  
W.1. Wholesale and  
Export. Also at New  
York, 9-11 East 37th  
Street, Montreal and  
Melbourne

RODEX COAT IN  
SCOTCH TWEED





## WHEN YOU'RE TIRED AND HEADACHY

Don't let shopping, or work, or worry get you down. There's no need to come home tired out and with a head that's fit to burst. And it's no good just taking something to relieve the pain. What doctors call an "acid condition," and if you want to get fresh and alert you must correct that acidity.

Here's the way to do it. Take a sparkling, refreshing glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer.' 'Bromo-Seltzer' a wonderful two-fold remedy. It contains no aspirin and has no awkward laxative effect, but it overcomes the worst headache like magic, and it definitely counteracts the acidity at the same time. Next time you have a headache or feel tired and listless, take a glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer.' You'll be amazed how soon your head will clear, how quickly you will feel better in every way. And you will be better, too. For 'Bromo-Seltzer's' alkalizing elements will have counteracted the acids which cause your trouble. 'Bromo-Seltzer' is simply grand for Headaches, Nervousness, Brain Fatigue, Indigestion and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppells, or any chemist today. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried get your money back.

### RIDE AND KEEP FIT

THE BEST WARTIME SERVICE IS TO KEEP IN GOOD HEALTH. RIDING IS THE FINEST EXERCISE FOR FITNESS

#### ALL RIDING REQUISITES

— good value and low charges

#### To Measure

Jodhpurs 28"-to 65"  
Breeches 25"-to 60"  
Jackets 35"-to 84"

#### Ready to Wear

Jodhpurs 35"- & 45"  
Breeches 30"- & 40"  
Jackets 30", 35", 40" & 63"  
Riding Waterproofs 47 1/2" & 60"

complete outfits for Ladies, Gent and Children made and on approval against suitable references

**Bedford Riding Breeches & Co.**  
19 NEW QUEBEC STREET  
MARBLE ARCH - LONDON

Two minutes from the Marble Arch

Better in all ways

# NUFIX

For Hair Health and Perfect Grooming

Eliminates SCURF-DANDRUFF  
Handy convenient & safe to carry

BOTTLES 6 1/4" 1/6 TUBES 6 1/4"

AT CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSERS STORES & NAAFI  
WALDEN & CO (NUFIX) LTD, THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9

\* TRY NUFOX IN TUBES — 5 SHAMPOOS 6



KEEN OBSERVERS

# vote for VOTRIX vermouth

Nowadays, when most of life's little luxuries are "going up" it's a pleasure to discover Votrix Vermouth. For although Votrix is a natural, full-strength wine produced with the same ingredients and in the same way as its Continental counterparts, Votrix costs quite a lot less. For one reason only — it's British. Produced and bottled by Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey.



ITALIAN  
STYLE  
(Sweet)

4/6

FRENCH  
STYLE  
(Dry)

5/-

★MAKE IT A 'GIN AND BRIT' NEXT TIME

### HOTELS

#### VICTORIA HOTEL

A.A. R.A.C. FULLY LICENSED.  
Equipped with every up-to-date convenience. Spacious Public Rooms, self-contained suites, also many Bedrooms with Private Bathroom and Toilet. Vita Glass Sun Lounge, Cocktail Bar.

#### FACING DUE SOUTH AND THE SEA

THE VICTORIA IS CATERING FOR PRESENT-DAY NEEDS — the amenities and Mild Climate of Sidmouth are well known. Bathing direct from Hotel. FOR BOOKINGS and FULL INFORMATION, WRITE RESIDENT MANAGER. Telephone: Sidmouth 821 (2 lines)

Telegrams: "Victoria, Sidmouth."

SIDMOUTH, S. DEVON

### FLEMINGS HOTEL

HALF MOON STREET  
PICCADILLY W.1

GROSVENOR 2964

Old established exclusive hotel  
— wartime prices — single rooms from 7/6 (with plain breakfast 9/6). Double rooms and Suites available — special terms to H.M. Forces.

### RESTAURANT

NOW OPEN

PERE LOUIS, 4 GREEK ST., W.1

Russian dishes

Closed Sundays

GER. 4546

Specialité Poulet à la Broche

### WANTED

#### FURS & FUR COATS

Highest Prices Paid  
SEND TO-DAY

We refund carriage and make offer per return

CHILD, 32 Hill St., Birmingham  
Est. 45 years Bankers: Lloyds

Stop that COLD  
with VAPEX

# bona fide..

When you buy branded goods regularly advertised in this paper, the guarantee of both manufacturer and retailer is behind them. Your satisfaction is assured.

*I am a unique sherry in a unique bottle*

but... during the period of war, owing to the difficulties in shipments from Spain, I shall be difficult to procure.

Do not ask for me too often so as to give others the opportunity of knowing me.

For your home buy one of my bottles instead of two, because by this means you will be helping others.



## REDNUTT

BROWN SHERRY

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY IS NO LONGER MATTER OF AGE...



REJUVENATES THE SKIN FROM WITHIN

• Write at once for free wonderfully illustrated W-5 book if you have not seen it yet.

Gelty Distributing Co.

156, Oxford Street, London, W.1

W-5 obtainable from all high-class Chemists and Stores or direct from Distributors

The Guaranteed  
**VENIDA**  
HAIR NET

6 1/2 d. each; 2 for 1/- Grey or White 1/- each

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Leading Stores and Perfumiers



## Keep that happy expression

When the problems of the day seem beyond you, light up a "Player".

In the enjoyment of its fragrant aroma difficulties become less formidable, and composure is restored.

Remember at all times that happy expression "Player's Please".

★  
IN THE NATIONAL  
INTEREST EMPTY YOUR  
PACKET AT TIME OF  
PURCHASE AND LEAVE  
WITH YOUR  
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MEDIUM OR MILD • PLAIN OR CORK-TIPS • 10 for 9<sup>d</sup> 20 for 1/5<sup>d</sup>

N.C.C.529C

# Financial Patriotism

## CHEAP BORROWING BY THE STATE

*lightens the Nation's financial burden and so gives more power to defeat the enemy and to maintain our industry and commerce both during and after the war.*

*The Government needs NOW vast sums of money loaned in the form of 2½% National War Bonds.*

*The support of Directors, Trustees, Shareholders and all who are responsible for the investment and employment of money is therefore essential.*

*The urgency of the need—the greatness of the cause—make inexorable demands on us all.*

## 2½% NATIONAL WAR BONDS

(1945-47). A full Trustee Security—Price of issue £100 per cent—Subscriptions of £100 or multiples of £100 will be received until further notice—Interest accrues from date of purchase—Prospectus and application forms obtainable from Banks or Stockbrokers.

*Issued by The National Savings Committee, London*





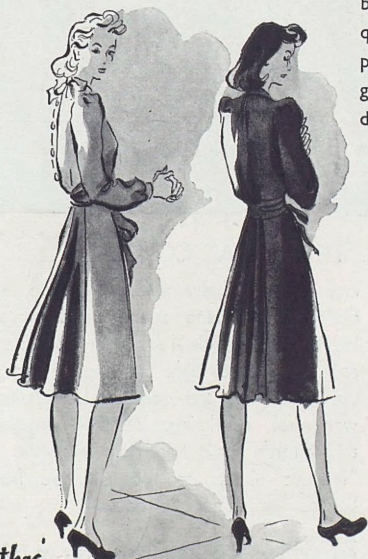
K.342

K.333

For instance, you can face a lot in K.342, mentally braced by its good tailored lines. It is in royal, wine or grey bouclé. K.333 is hard to beat as a country companion; amply cut tweed bravely checked in green, scarlet or peacock on background colours of wine, red heather and brown. As for the suits, we suggest a country one L.202 in herringbone Munrospun tweed, lovely colours and as hard wearing as you please. In shades of brown, blue, pink and green. Rio II is the indispensable town suit, classically tailored in novelty wool in black only. Now for the frocks. They are both in lightweight fancy wool with

... and that means a coat, a suit, a frock as a minimum and preferably a town and a country edition of each.

good detail and flattering lines. F.178 is in powder blue, leaf green, yellow, turquoise, black. F.180 in royal pink, light blue, navy, black, gold, sage green, clover, duck egg.



F.178

F.180



## THE BASIC RATION



L.202

Rio II

**AT YOUR FAVOURITE SHOP** up and down the country 'Nicoll Clothes' are to be found in all the best shops. You recognise at once their effortless distinction of style and appreciate too, that prices are being, as ever, kept proportionately low. Your size is amongst our ten special grades and small sizes are particularly considered at our Regent Street shop.

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# TAILORED SHIRTS . . . for town or country

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No. 1  
A smart Sports Shirt in a spot woollen mixture, with neat turn-down collar and novel patch pockets. On navy, gold, deep coral, maroon and delphinium grounds. Sizes 13 to 14½ **25/9**  
Size 15, 29/6

Also in plain knit wool material. In pastel blue, gold, Venetian red and rust. Sizes 13 to 14½ **27/9**  
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Post orders  
receive  
every  
care and  
attention



No. 2  
Representing exceptional value in crepon, this well tailored Shirt has vandyked front. In ivory, vellum, gold, duck-egg, pastel blue, Venetian red, Bordeaux rouge, silver grey, pink, light navy and heather. Sizes 13 to 14½ **25/9**  
Size 15, 29/6

## Debenham & Freebody

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# Travella COATS



## "TRAVELLA" COATS

in a variety of new materials will be very popular during the coming autumn and winter months. Interlined with TROPAL they combine smartness and utility, are light in weight and beautifully warm, due to the remarkable qualities of this wonderful interlining. TROPAL repels moisture and affords protection from exposure and damp. "Travella" Coats can be obtained from leading houses throughout the country.

Manufactured by:  
**SELINCOURT & SONS LTD., 3 VERE ST., LONDON, W.1**  
to whom all inquiries should be addressed for particulars of nearest supplier.





## CONVERSATIONS ON BEAUTY

WRITTEN BY *Nerina Shute*, THE WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT & HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT, ILLUSTRATED BY *Anna Zinkeisen*, THE FAMOUS PAINTER OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

♣—I like the colour of your new lipstick . . . . I'm glad you've made a change.

—Are you charming or just catty?

—I'm honest: the trouble is more rot is talked about Beauty and Cosmetics than anything else.

—I quite agree . . . . but I'm using a lipstick recommended by Pomeroy, so it *must* be good.

—I know a woman who spends the whole morning having her face done up. She looks like all the other over-painted silly women . . . . one of those awful modern faces which seem to be hungering for the sensation after the next.

—I'm sure I know the woman you mean. My dear, she looks exactly like an unmade bed.

—What most women want, let's face it, is just to be madly attractive to men. When we don't succeed, we look cross . . . . and when we look cross, we don't succeed.

—Sex Appeal in a woman is 75% good temper . . . .

—Of course it is . . . . the light of laughter and friendship in a woman's eyes is more important than a box of mascara.

— . . . . and wrinkle cream won't remove temper lines.

—That reminds me . . . . do you use Pomeroy Skin Food?

—I was the one who first told you to use Pomeroy Skin Food. Of course I use it.

JEANNETTE

**Pomeroy**

BEAUTY PRODUCTS

CONSULTATION SALON 29 OLD BOND STREET, W.1.

Where you can obtain free and expert beauty advice. Write or call.

Pomeroy Skin Food Pomeroy Cleansing Cream

Pomeroy Day Cream Pomeroy Beauty Milk

Pomeroy Powder Pomeroy Astringent Lotion





"Tyre-scream is a nuisance but, like everybody else, I suppose, I have got used to it. My trial of Avons has changed my point of view entirely. Fitted to a 25 h.p. car weighing over 30 cwt., and driven over streets and roads I know to be specially conducive to scream, they ran without a sound. It was really a new experience."

*John Prioleau*  
IN "THE OBSERVER"



THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO. LTD. (ESTD. 1885) MELKSHAM, WILTS.